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## CURRENT COMMENT.

At the review of the Grand Fleet at Hampton Roads the other day, the breaking waves dashed high, and President Harding rode upon the crest of them, singing a song of sea-power. We can hardly blame the President for having felt uplifted. With submarines nosing up out of the ocean, and dirigibles hiding the sun; with seaplanes zooming past the Mayflower's mast-head, and the continuous cannonading of the dreadnaughts fairly drowning the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," it must have been a fine business altogether, and enough to upset anybody. Maybe Mr. Harding did not mean anything at all, then, when he addressed the following immortal words to the officers of the fleet: "The United States does not want anything on earth not rightfully our own—no territories, no payment of tribute; but we want that which is righteously our own, and, by the eternal, we mean to have that." If this really does mean something, then, by the eternal, we should like to know what it is that is righteously our own, and is yet so much some one else's that we have to have the biggest navy on earth to haul it home for us.

IN the economic predicament of America to-day, there is much that suggests the situation of Brer Rabbit, stuck fast to the Tar Baby, and shouting for somebody to come and help turn him loose. With the country held in the sticky embrace of a favourable balance of trade, our notables are undecided about the means of deliverance, and even about its desirability. The importation of gold and securities into America of course operates to bolster prices here, and this in turn helps to check the outflow of commodities to countries overseas. Figures just published by the Department of Commerce show that the condition is tending to correct itself, for the surplus of exports over imports for the month of March, 1921, was only \$136 million, as against \$296 million for the corresponding period a year ago. This encouraging diminution of our "favourable balance" is not, however, the result of an increase in imports. On the contrary, our imports for the month in question fell from \$524 million in 1920, to \$252 million in 1921, while our exports dropped from \$820 million to \$386 million. Thus the movement towards a correction of the balance is due entirely to the fact that the value of our imports did not decrease as rapidly as that of our exports.

A FURTHER extension of foreign credits at this time might check the decrease in exports, but if it had no other effect than this, it would simply postpone the day when Europe and the other countries overseas would have to square their accounts with us. If the new credits were turned to industrial purposes, and the productivity of Europe thereby increased, our imports would then show a highly desirable increase; but in the present state of European politics, the likelihood is that new funds would simply be burned up in more filibustering. At the moment, the one thing unquestionably desirable is that high prices in America should work their full natural effect in the stimulation of production in Europe, and of importation from Europe; and the one thing entirely objectionable is the erection of a higher tariff-barrier which will put a stop to any attempt of Europe to pay for goods with goods, and thus maintain our favourable balance of trade with its inevitable accompaniment of a surplus of gold and a shortage of commodities.

THE unfailing regularity with which the minority party in Congress assumes the rôle of guardian of the public interest is calculated to inspire a mild cynicism in the enlightened observer. The Democratic contingent, for example, is now trying to halt the 1916 naval building-programme until the President shall invite other nations to join in an international conference on the limitation of armaments. Yet this same 1916 programme was the work of a Democratic Congress, sanctioned by a Democratic President. But times have changed. A Republican President is in the White House and a Republican steam roller functions at the Capitol. This Republican machine, like its Democratic predecessor, stands committed to a huge navy, while weariness of war and the heavy burden of taxation have turned popular sentiment towards disarmament. Altogether it is an auspicious time for the Democratic party to make a grand-stand play for curtailment of military expenditures. The whole scene in the House at the time when the Democrats made their proposal was played in the orthodox fashion; the Republican accusations that the Democrats were trying to insult the President had the same fervent ring that they had whenever they issued from lips on the other side of the party-line during the past eight Democratic years. The public may get what comfort it can from watching the show; for it may be sure that if the positions were reversed the Democrats would still stand as sponsors for their 1916 programme, and the Republicans would be making political capital through attempts to halt it, emboldened thereto by their consciousness of being safely in the minority.

THE railway labour-organizations have done a great service in making available to the public certain striking statistics on the economic condition of the country. Mr. W. Jett Lauck, their statistician, has lately published some interesting figures bearing on the present conflict between employers and labour-unions. According to Mr. Lauck, the great corporations—he is here unfortunately indefinite—piled up \$16 billion in surpluses during the war-period. The inference is obvious that they are therefore in an excellent position to starve labour into accepting their views concerning wages and the open shop. The Steel Trust alone is said by Mr. Lauck to have on hand enough cash to pay dividends for seven years; yet Judge Gary, its president, says that substantial reductions in prices can



come only through reductions in wages. It is a good guess that they will come that way, whether they must or not, for whenever there are two men for every job, as there always are in normal times under the present system, employers are in a position to pay pretty much what they will. There are said to be over three million workers idle in this country to-day, and labour has no surpluses to tide it over the lean period; hence, it looks as if the situation were pretty well in the hands of the Chambers of Commerce and the Rotary Clubs. This paper has always said that first and foremost organized labour should study the phenomenon of the labour-surplus; until it understands that phenomenon and grapples with its cause, nothing permanent can be accomplished in the way of rescuing the masses of the people from industrial exploitation.

WHAT to do with our generals is a problem which may be supposed to have caused our Secretary of War and his predecessor some sleepless nights. In piping times of peace the rate of employment among generals is likely to be pretty low. The mandarins in Washington probably heaved a sigh of relief when they heard that General Wood had consented to abandon the military career for that of an educator—there at least was one general disposed of. But there was still General Pershing: our impression is that since the war his function has been mainly decorative, and although no fault could possibly be found with the way in which it was discharged, still it was light work for an officer entitled by law to bear the imposing title of "General of the Armies of the United States." Secretary Weeks, in an inspired moment, appears to have solved the unemployment-problem as far as it concerned General Pershing. The General is to be at the head of a "skeletonized general headquarters," which, we gather, is expected to study the plans of campaign evolved by the War College and be ready, in case of war, to translate such of them as are approved into instantaneous action. Considering that we already have a competent Chief of Staff at the head of an elaborate military organization covering all branches of the service, it may seem to the mere civilian—and we are very mere—that for a country as blatantly peaceable as ours, this peacetime general headquarters is somewhat superfluous. But civilians are notoriously ignorant of military matters, and the plan at least furnishes the Secretary of War with a satisfactory exit from an embarrassing dilemma, which is probably all that it was intended to do.

By way of preparation for the triumphal entry of the Wood-Forbes Mission into Manila, the central committee of the Philippine Nationalist party has just adopted resolutions re-affirming the desire of the party for the immediate independence of the Islands. These resolutions call to mind the fact that the Philippine Assembly has already done all it can to unwind the everlasting arms of American imperialism, and has even voted money to be spent in propagandizing the step-mother-country in behalf of freedom for the Philippines. We have not seen any of the publicity-material issued in this cause, and we infer that the effects of the campaign, if any, have not reached as far as Washington, where resolutions have been presented in Congress authorizing the fixing of the representation of any overseas possessions which may be admitted to the full glory of statehood. An act of union of the sort here in contemplation would bring the case of the Philippines several miles closer to that of Ireland, but it would hardly make the two situations identical; the Irishmen in the House of Commons have generally been sufficiently numerous to attract some little attention, but a Philippine delegation in Congress would rate ten points lower than a Liberian diplomatic mission in the ante-room of a Democratic State Department.

As this issue goes to press the long-threatened seamen's strike has begun. The seamen have several grievances, of which the attempt on the part of the shipowners to

enforce substantial wage-cuts, and the failure of the Government properly to enforce the Seamen's Act are apparently the most immediate. We should say that the seamen would stand a better chance of success if it were not that the shipowners are particularly well situated to face a strike at this time. Foreign commerce has fallen off extensively during the past year, hence the owners can very well afford to take advantage of the slack period to fight out the question of wages with the seamen. For the same reason the seamen are at a disadvantage; there is already a large percentage of unemployment among them, because of the vast amount of idle shipping in our harbours. The situation of the seamen, in other words, is identical with that of the railwaymen or the miners: they are suffering from the consequences of a labour-surplus, and they can hardly hope for permanent improvement in their situation as long as it is possible for a labour-surplus to exist.

By far the most interesting development of the British coal-miners' strike was the reassertion of the supremacy of Parliament over the Government. Seeing that the fateful action of the Triple Alliance was on its way and that the Government was doing no more than let it come, some two hundred private members intervened at the last moment and took control of the issue peremptorily out of the Prime Minister's hands; thereby bringing about a cancellation, apparently on honourable terms all round, of the strike-order issued to the railwaymen and transport-workers. Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, member for Oxford, issued a statement embodying the great declaration that has been made again and again at critical moments in the history of England, that Parliament is the supreme court of the land; that "it is competent not only to enact, to repeal, to amend any ordinary law, but by the same machinery to modify the Constitution itself. More than that, to Parliament belongs the right of deliberation and of controlling the Executive responsible to itself." Mr. Marriott, furthermore, is no radical or liberal; he is tory from top to toe and back again. Thus in this episode we see once more what English history has so often shown, that if the liberals will not defend the prerogatives and liberties of Parliament, the tories will. Even for those who have as little use for politics as this paper has, it is an exhilarating sight to see a wrecking-crew of private members led by a benighted old tory, all with blood in their eye, yanking the Prime Minister out of bed at midnight and telling him to take notice that Parliament is still some huckleberries in the conduct of the British Empire's affairs.

THIS paper has often turned up its nose at the Englishman's inveterate political-mindedness, and will probably continue to do so; and yet when you consider what a political system he has, you can not much wonder at him or blame him. The British House is called the Mother of Parliaments, and for out-and-out clean-strain democracy, the old lady can yet make any of her new-fangled daughters look pretty cheap. Theoretically, the Englishman is right, for there is nothing that the House of Commons can not do. If it saw fit, it could put the King out of doors with almost as little ceremony as one would shoo out a strange cat, expropriate privilege and transform itself overnight into a merely administrative and non-political body like the Russian economic council or the *Reichswirtschaftsrat*; and not a single British institution would feel the strain—everything would go on tomorrow just as before. If the Lords did not like the new arrangement, they could lump it; the Parliament Act of 1911 takes care of that. If the King objected, the Commons would simply take his name off the pay-roll according to the time-honoured formula of "grievance before supply."

HENCE it is hard to get an Englishman interested in revolution, because he has, as our slang goes, a revolution coming to him all the time. He can have one whenever



he wants it. Logically, his position is impregnable when he says that if a revolution is needed, all he has to do is to hold an election and he will get "a revolution by due process of law," as the Duke of Wellington used to say. When you show him that such a thing is impossible under the American system of checks and balances, with the legislative, executive and judicial functions parallel and separate, he is cool and unsympathetic. Tell him that if by some miracle we engineered a revolution through the Congress it would either be killed by the Supreme Court or reversed in practice by the Executive, and he would say merely, "It serves you right for having such a system." Remind him that his Government also is a crooked lot, and he says, "Yes, but we have only ourselves to blame. We have a responsible Government, and the Parliament can drop it in the ash-barrel at any time on an hour's notice. You have a delegated Government with carte blanche to do as it pleases for a fixed term of years, and you can't touch it. Plenty of crooks get into our Government, but they have to be mighty smart crooks to stay there, and yours don't."

THERE is a great deal in this. The spirit and temper bred by such a system make for stability and discourage the tendency to violent revolution. As a deterrent from sedition it is worth a million of Palmerite and Luskite statutes. It is the sense of fixed and settled helplessness under governmental knavery that breeds revolution; and the Englishman does not feel that sense. Under a system of responsibility, with the rights of free speech, assembly and petition in full force, as in England they normally are, education in public affairs is felt to count for something and one engages in it hopefully. Whether it actually counts or not, is another question; the point is that it is felt to count: patience is easy and effort gives one the sense of its being well spent. Violent revolution, therefore, appears unnecessary and repugnant; and one sees movements in England running rapidly up into what seems to be inevitable armed rebellion and civil war, and then suddenly somehow just missing it. The system, in short, is never felt to be, in the long run, unbeatable; and, indeed, theoretically it is not. It is in countries where the system is felt and known to be unbeatable by due process of law that popular concern with public affairs becomes perfunctory and despondent, that education languishes, cynicism predominates, and the idea of violent revolution takes deep root.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE must be extremely fond of his trick of covering his Irish policy with the mantle of Abraham Lincoln: he uses it so often. No doubt it is with an eye to its effect on American sentiment that the British Premier repeatedly attempts to draw an analogy between Mr. Lincoln's determination to hold the Southern States in the Union, and the determination of the British Government not to allow Ireland to secede from the United Kingdom. Perhaps some Americans will be duly impressed; but we think Mr. Lloyd George's argument would carry more weight if there were something a little more substantial to base it on than the mere fact that his Government, like Mr. Lincoln's, has "right" on its side in the convincing shape of superior military force. Our Federal Government was originally a voluntary union of independent commonwealths with the same nationality predominating in all of them; whereas Ireland, as Mr. Lloyd George knows very well, is a foreign nation, brought under English dominion by conquest and held there by force of arms. The States of the Confederacy were self-governing; Ireland since its conquest, both before and after the passing of the questionable Act of Union by a venal Irish Parliament, has been subjected to the coercive enactments of the English parliament, the misrule of English officials, and the ruinous exactions of absentee English landlords. Indeed there is only one period in the history of the Confederacy which seems to us to be at all analogous to the relations between England and Ireland: the period of the carpetbaggers. But it was,

mercifully, only a few years in duration, whereas the English carpetbaggers have ruled Ireland for some six centuries. These are some of the reasons—and there are others—why Mr. Lincoln's mantle sits unbecomingly on the inadequate shoulders of Mr. Lloyd George.

THE new dry laws of the State of New York seem to be causing State officials no end of trouble. If it be true that law is what the people will obey, it is doubtful that these statutes could be classed as law under such a definition, judging from the number of offences already on official record against them. We do not know that there is any way of determining officially at what point a law ceases to be practicable, but we should say that the new dry laws have already taken on the appearance of impracticability. We are told that there have already been enough arrests to keep the Court of General Sessions going for two years on liquor-cases exclusively, and that the office of the District Attorney is pleading for volunteer assistance in enforcing the new law in the courts. We note also that the Chief Assistant District Attorney says that all the offenders now under arrest can not possibly be tried; that a few will be tried and, he hopes, convicted, in order to "make examples." Presumably, then, the other offenders will go scot-free. Such a procedure may be expedient for the office of the District Attorney, but our impression is that it sets the scale of justice considerably awry.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, it will be remembered, in one of his despairing moods, once cheered himself up by striking a balance between the good and evil in his condition. So at Atlantic City last week Mr. Hoover adopted Crusoe's excellent plan in his gallant attempt to say something cheerful to the assembled Chambers of Commerce. Mr. Hoover's balance—in his own words—came out something like this:

#### Evil

The situation in some ways is more difficult than that following the Civil War.

There is a great shrinkage of production in general industry.

There is a slowing up of commodity movement that imperils our railways.

There is demoralization in the agricultural industry.

There is stoppage in our building despite the national necessity for homes.

There is great unemployment.

#### Good

Our difficulties are infinitely less than those of Europe.

We have weathered the danger point of a great crisis.

We have passed safely through a commodity crisis without a monetary panic.

Our people have abundant food and clothing.

We are at least warmly housed even though crowded.

We possess in the high intelligence, high courage, and high ideals of our people, ample reserves of economic, social and political strength.

But rumour (a notoriously lying jade) has it that the next morning when Mr. Hoover was taking a constitutional along the shore he was horrified to see in the sand the unmistakable print of a Russian boot.

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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

### THE GENTLE ART OF SAVING FACES.

THE negotiations between Germany and the Allied Powers have not gotten far enough at the time of writing for us to be sure of their drift. Our notion is, however, that the influence of the United States is being sought as a face-saver. M. Briand most naturally wishes to hold his job. In order to do so, he must forthwith invade the Ruhr region, unless Germany complies with the exorbitant demands put upon her. He must do this because, first, Brother Poincaré, at the head of the imperialists and implacables, is stalking his Premier's trail with a tomahawk and will detach his scalp if he dare but show a sign of weakness; second, as we have remarked before, unless the French Government sees some real money shortly, it must begin to tax the small-holding landed proprietors, and this means certain death. The fact that M. Briand is at large is evidence that he is not insane enough really to want to invade the Ruhr; he can see as well as any one who is not blinded by chauvinism and has no political interest at stake, just what that enterprise would do to Central Europe and to France itself. If M. Briand could get some effective expression from the United States on the back of a half-way decent offer from Germany, and use it against his political enemies, he would stand a reasonable chance of "getting by" with the country at large, and be saved from the necessity of fooling away any more money on a fantastic and ruinous crusade in the Ruhr. Germany has already made a good offer of money. Whether she will pay it or not, is another matter; we rather doubt it. Nevertheless, she has made the offer, and will probably pay something, whether much or little, as she has all along, no doubt, intended to do.

Mr. Lloyd George, who also has diligent regard to the first law of nature, and wants to hold his job, has quite as much on his hands as M. Briand. For purely political reasons and in the long-time view of British political policy, it would be no bad thing for him to see France and Germany carry out the rôle of the Kilkenny cats to its historic and grandiose finish. There are a good many powerful interests which are against this, however, and they make trouble for Mr. George every now and then. Besides, the poor man has Ireland to think of, and a miners' strike, and Egypt, and India, and unemployment, and by-elections—so possibly he too might be glad enough if the United States would come and blow on his Continental problem until it became cool enough to handle. We may be wrong about this, for, as we said, the developments that have been made public permit no certain conclusions; but probability points that way. The very ostentation with which the news-dispatches put forth Germany as the party chiefly interested in our intervention is enough to make any experienced person suspect that our friends in Paris and London have a sheep's eye cast this way.

When M. Briand proposes to come over for a conference about the next move in regard to an obstinately recalcitrant Germany, we can imagine Mr. George saying to him, "Look here, Aristide, can't we do the rest of this another time? You see what a mess I am in here with no end of things to take up my time. I have troubles of my own; why not tell yours to Washington, for a change? Maybe they will do something for you. They want to see things straightened up and put on a business footing again, and probably if you put it right, they will give you a lift past Poincaré and

his crowd, and you won't have to invade the Ruhr. Meanwhile you can talk big as all outdoors about the shocking incompetence of Germany's proposals, and get all the military measures ready, just as though you were really going to do something. I'll do some tall talking myself, and probably between us we can carry the bluff." Whether or not Mr. Lloyd George has actually said this to his harassed associate, we strongly suspect that the dickering which is now on foot as we write, will be found in substance reducible to the formula which we have herein set forth.

### THE DEFENCES OF TORYISM.

WHOLLY in sorrow, not at all in anger, we have several times called attention to the increasingly contemptible character of the intellectual defence that is being put up nowadays for the existing economic order. The apologetic technique of newspaper-editorials is ninety-nine per cent sheer slangwhanging. They do their duty as they see it, by a perfunctory discharge of opprobrium. As we pointed out in a recent issue, they appear to think that they have done enough to damage a doctrine or a theory if they show that this or that unpopular person holds it. This is very dissatisfying. We have a deal of respect for the honest tory and his tenets, and think that they are worthy of much more honourable defence than that of the cuttlefish. Besides, radical as we are, we would far rather see the whole world go solid tory and preserve the decent intellectual integrity and chivalry that always characterized the honest conservative, than see it moved our way—as it is being moved our way—by sheer force of disgust with chicane and pettifoggery. For this reason, as our readers will remember, we once suggested to our conservative friends that they start a periodical which should promote their cause properly and handsomely, with brilliance and learning and at the same time with dignity, chivalry and self-respect. "What an opportunity!" we said to ourselves at the time when the *New York Evening Post* changed ownership, "what an opportunity now for a really strong, dignified, immensely able and uncompromising conservative paper that shall defend the established economic system as it can be, and ought to be defended."

But we were disappointed, and now that we have gone into the matter more thoroughly we are ready to admit that our notions about it seem naïve and impracticable. Remembering the fine stalwart sort of thing that the English tory press used to do so admirably, we looked into its more recent work and found a parallel degeneration; not the same, nor essentially similar, but quite as striking and far-advanced. This led us to wonder whether we had been unreasonable; whether the *Zeitgeist* itself were against our hopes and expectations, and whether contemporary apologists for the old order were not, after all, doing about the best they could for themselves and their cause. It seems a hard choice that they should be forced into the assumption of a pawky liberalism—liberalism, which is always the mere gesture of deference that dishonest toryism pays to radicalism—or into vulgar and lying diatribe. But can they escape it?

Probably not. The reckless mismanagement of privilege itself has probably placed them beyond means of escape. Ecclesiasticism learned long ago that if you lay down a proposition and keep laying it down, year in and year out, boldly and vigorously, you stand a good chance, first, of getting yourself to believe it, and then of getting others to believe it; provided, always, that the proposition is one which is not susceptible of



proof or disproof. Ecclesiasticism did well on the strength of this process for a number of centuries, and does by no means poorly even now. It did well, however, because it always kept on the safe side by committing itself only to such an order of propositions as one might be sure would not come home to roost for a long, long time, if ever. This, indeed, is the only safe procedure; and any departure from it, even the most temporary and casual, is nothing more nor less than bad management.

Precisely such mismanagement is what has damaged the defences of torism beyond repair. The progress of diplomacy, the conduct of the war, the treatment of Russia, the terms of the armistice and the peace, the present negotiations in Europe, have through sheer stupidity and short-sightedness continuously committed torism to a series of propositions, each as fragile as a circus-rider's paper hoop. Its apologists, therefore, in defending each successive step of this mismanagement, had to throw overboard all concern with logical consequences. They had to defend the published war-aims of the Allies—which was all very well if it had not so soon become manifest that the real war-aims of the Allies were wholly different. They had to defend the peace-terms; but almost at once they were seen of all men to be indefensible. They have had for three years continuously to demonstrate that Russia was on the down-grade to ruin; but all too soon and invariably Russia shows herself otherwise. Thus in a thousand particulars have time and events—and such a brief stretch of time too—dealt with nearly everything to which the apologist for privilege felt himself committed by the reckless mismanagement of privilege itself.

What then, is to be expected from this dishevelled being, more or other than that which he now gives? We feel ashamed of ourselves that we ever thought he should or could do better. One can take up a position on predestination, original sin, the divine right of kings, or even the divine right of privilege, argue it with power, carry conviction and keep up confidence in oneself. They are things which in their nature take a long time in proving. But when a man has to kill Lenin afresh every ten days, surrender the Soviet Army every so often, regularly starve and murder most of the anti-Bolshevik population of Russia, make Germany pay, whitewash the French Government, hold hands across the sea with Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Hamar Greenwood—when a man has continually to attend to matters of this kind which prove themselves out in almost less time than he takes to write about them, he is dog-tired at the end of his day's work and can not maintain a respectable intellectual defence for anything.

Yes, we were wholly unreasonable to expect it. He has no confidence in himself, none in what he writes, no exhilarating sense of mastery or pride of workmanship; he comes to accept himself as others rate him, as merely a weary, slipshod liar, chained to a routine of formal mendacity. One of our staunchest defenders of privilege the other day printed an editorial declaring that Lenin's economic policy had utterly ruined Russia; and on the front page of the same issue, it carried more than a column of news about the enormous volume of trade that is pouring into Russia through Reval. There was a time not so long since when one might smile at this, but nowadays one merely takes it at its face value, as evidence of the abject and lowly condition to which privilege, by its purblind mismanagement, has reduced its unfortunate advocates.

## GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION.

It did not need Judge Gary's declaration in favour of "publicity, regulation and reasonable governmental control" of the relations between labour and the employers of labour, to indicate that the present controversy over the open shop will probably lead to an attempt to solve this aspect of the labour-question through some sort of governmental commission. We are as a nation too strongly addicted to bureaucracy to escape such a development. Indeed we have already seen the beginnings of governmental control of labour-questions in the setting up of the War Labour Board, in Mr. Wilson's labour-conferences of 1919, and in the Railway Labour Board established under the Transportation Act. We have also seen governmental interference of another kind in the attempts frequently made during the past two or three years to settle labour-disputes by court injunctions—both State and Federal—prohibiting strikes. On the whole, the results of such governmental regulation of labour-questions as there has been so far have not been such as to inspire labour with confidence in a further extension of that interference; yet although the past two or three years have been years of disillusionment with political government, the notion that its function is to dispense even-handed justice dies hard, and it would not be surprising if labour-organizations allowed themselves to be led into accepting further measures of governmental "regulation and control," though one would think that Judge Gary's support of the proposition should cause them to approach it very gingerly.

This would be greatly to the advantage of Mr. Gary and other representatives of privilege; which amounts to saying that it would be about the worst fate that could befall labour. For, controlling the machinery of government as it does, privilege would inevitably determine the appointments to be made to a labour-commission. It would thus be in a position to dictate the decisions of the commission; and if labour, realizing that it had no hope of getting what it conceived to be justice, should rebel against the commission's decisions, it would be under the disadvantage of having offended against the government itself. Thus the forces of privilege would be in a position to exercise even greater control over organized labour than they now exercise, for the basis of control would be political as well as economic.

An awareness of its advantage in any situation involving governmental commissions makes organized privilege only too ready with the suggestion that controversies over economic questions be put under governmental "regulation and reasonable control." Whenever its exactions in any quarter become so burdensome as to arouse public resentment, governmental control is the first remedy suggested, and the public trustingly accepts the proposition—and it might as well, for as things are it has no alternative. Supposedly remedial laws are passed and a brand-new board or commission is created to superintend their execution and to regulate all questions arising under them. The people are placated for the time being, and settle back to give the new commission time to adjust their grievances. Meanwhile, privilege sets about controlling the commission, and the chances are obviously in favour of its succeeding. But supposing for the sake of argument that it should fail, it may always turn to Congress for new laws granting such of its demands as the commission refuses, for it maintains powerful lobbies at the seats of legislation, and it has this further great advantage over the public: that it is strongly organized to watch



its own interests, while the unorganized public is as helpless as Oliver Twist in Fagin's kitchen.

The Interstate Commerce Commission furnishes a shining example of the utter failure of regulatory bodies to guard the public interest. The exploitation of the public by the railways having become onerous in the extreme, the Interstate Commerce Commission was appointed the task of curbing their exactions. The manner in which this precious Commission has performed its task was intimated in a recent statement by Senator La Follette that "in transportation, after a prolonged struggle for Government control [monopoly] is absolute master of the highways of commerce." Since the Commission was created, increases in rates have been granted until to-day they are higher than the traffic will bear. The Association of Railway Executives acting unaided could have done no more than this. The public, meanwhile, has meekly borne the expense of maintaining the Commission and its large staff of statisticians and clerks. This is typical of what may be expected from bureaucratic regulation of economic affairs. The interests of the public are directly opposed to those of privilege, and under the present bureaucratic system privilege has the upper hand. There was tacit acknowledgment of this truth in the recent creation of a transit board by the New York Legislature. The transit companies of New York City have conducted a long campaign in favour of increased fares. Failing in this, they proceeded to influence the Legislature to pass a bill creating a transit board. It is so much a foregone conclusion that the board will authorize higher fares that the bill was argued in the Assembly on that assumption.

As long as the regulation of economic affairs is in the hands of political government they will be settled in the interests of the side which exercises the greatest amount of political influence, i. e., in the interest of privilege, for the simple reason that privilege is powerfully organized and commands unlimited amounts of money with which to carry on its propaganda. This paper would like to suggest to organized labour that it begin to agitate for the abolition of all governmental commissions and boards, and even of some of our Executive Departments, and the substitution of an economic congress on the order of the economic parliaments of Russia and Germany, where the interests concerned in the settlement of economic questions would be directly represented through delegates of their own choosing, instead of indirectly through lobbyists. This procedure would give the public as producers and consumers a direct voice in settling economic questions, and it would thus be a long step towards making impossible the complete control of government by privilege. The results might not be millennial, but there is reason to suppose that with affairs in the hands of a body whose interest was primarily to get things done rather than to play politics with them, they would be a vast improvement over the results of the present system. If organized labour is interested in lifting its struggle to the dignity of a public cause, and in giving privilege something to worry about, it might do very well by agitating for constitutional changes involving the creation of such an economic Congress.

### FIRST LESSONS IN HOUSING.

FOR fifty years, by and large, housing-reform has been crawling towards the arena of what are called Problems. Many earnest, well-intentioned, benevolently-minded men and women have tried to cope with it, but myopia has cheated them at every turn. Some-

how they could not see it as a problem. They could only see more houses as the cure for the shortage. They could not see beyond and into the economic process by which building is done. Thus they laboured valiantly with sizes, styles, and types of houses; with standards and laws; with ceiling heights and window openings; with shafts and vents and areas; with substitutes for every known material, even with substitutes for the substitutes—until last, but not finally, they invented kitchenettes, cellarettes, bathettes, and, yes—we have seen them advertised—bedettes.

Strangely enough, these estimable people never could or would see what was the matter. In spite of all their labours, houses grew smaller and smaller; then came flats and apartments, these too always growing smaller and smaller while relentless congestion kept piling human beings on top of one another in layers and tiers. Rents rose, now slowly, now swiftly, but always, like the young man with the banner with the strange device, climbing higher and higher. Finally private initiative gave up the ghost and to-day the reformers have turned to the Government—municipal or State—with cries for more houses, more subways, more laws, more regulations, and always for more money, in some form. Never was such a waste of good intentions.

Within the last ten years, a small group has been shot off from the ranks of the housing-reformers, and a new variation developed to deal with what is smugly called the "industrial housing-problem." Its sponsors ingeniously connect their problem with the question of labour-turnover and unrest in industrial centres. The one solid contribution to which it may honestly lay claim, however, after ten years of propaganda, is that it has helped materially to emphasize the fact that it is not a wise thing for a workman to own his home unless he happens to enjoy a degree of industrial freedom which is possessed by but very few. Savings invested in a home tie the hands of the worker in any struggle for bettering his lot. The tales told by our census in this connexion are well worth studying.

Then in the midst of all this turmoil the war arrived. The Germans went to the slaughter as probably the best-housed nation in the world—one Englishman in four was housed in a slum. As a means of stimulating the production of munitions, England was forced to build thousands of good houses. This country followed, in 1917, and had just succeeded in planning great housing-activities, when the armistice was signed. Out of these two governmental experiences have come two more contributions to the problem. The first was when, under the Defence of the Realm Act, the British Government announced that it would take land for housing at its actual pre-war value, and that when it became necessary to enlarge any housing-operation, it would take additional land at the same price that it had paid for the first lot. This is the only really important action that has developed in the whole history of governmental aid in housing, if we dismiss, for the moment, the land-policies of certain European cities and of Australia and New Zealand, where the title of a great deal of land remains with the State and the land is only leased to the tenant.

The pronouncement of the British Government during the war-emergency went to the very basis of all housing-reform. Under the stress of war—with the very existence of the nation hanging in the balance—the absurdity of trying to build decent houses while adjoining landowners calmly raised the price of their land as soon as the houses were built, did not have to be explained to the honourable members of Parlia-



ment. But alas! no such lesson was learned by any of our housing-reformers from our own Government's housing-activities. All that we learned, was that only by collaboration of architect, engineer and builder can constructional work be brought to its highest efficiency. But if these two lessons could be put together and made a basis of operations, then a good many Americans would soon be in a fair way to having a decent roof over their heads.

### APIARIAN UNREST.

EVERYBODY nowadays is agitated by the difficulty of reconciling labour and capital. By constant restatement of the problems, by repeated clarifying of the points at issue, by the study of individual beliefs and experiences, and by muddling one's head generally in the assimilation of contradictory doctrines, it is hoped that in the end some objective truth may emerge. It is partly with the intention of assisting this emergence by adding my own story to the millions already told and partly in the expectation that some helpful correspondent may contribute practical advice that I set down the facts as they occurred.

Last year, after reading a certain book, I was consumed with a desire to become a bee-master. My intention was to start bee-farming in quite a small way with, say one or two bees, gradually expanding the industry as experience showed was practicable. I was informed, however, that one could not start with less than one hive, containing some forty score of bees, since a smaller number might succumb in a body to mumps or foot-and-mouth disease.

The most unpleasant part of the above-mentioned book was that which described the bee-master being crawled over by his flock; some of the more daring entering his nose and ears. After considering the matter, I decided to delegate some of the functions of bee-master, including that of being crawled over, to Huppletop, my gardener, whom I at once appointed Assistant Bee-master. I myself retained the control of the essential branches of the industry in my capacity of Bee-master or General Manager.

Acting on my instructions, therefore, Huppletop procured some bees and set them to work. I, meanwhile, organized the business side, estimating in advance the value of the product, approximating the selling and overhead expenses and allowing a reasonable amount for depreciation. I say this to give prominence to the fact that the hive was operated from the beginning as a business concern by a business man. The housing-accommodation for the workers was luxurious and based on the latest scientific and humane discoveries. The employees were near their work and the hive was properly ventilated. I even made provision for the endowment of motherhood, being advised that in default of such provision I might be short of labour next season.

At the outset everything went well. The Assistant Bee-master reported that honey was being produced and stored with regularity and that the plant was working efficiently. I expressed my pleasure at the result and assured him that, though the interests of the shareholders were paramount, there might be a surplus for distribution as a bonus to the staff. I mention this little matter just to show how enlightened was the management and what little cause had the employees to complain of insufficient consideration.

The first signs of unrest were noticed by me personally, when one evening (from a safe distance) I observed a number of bees loafing about the main entrance, during working hours, sunning themselves and indulging in joy-flights. I was gratified to remark, however, that these idlers were few in number, for the bulk of the eight hundred or so on the pay-roll were busy gathering and storing the product in a conscientious fashion which, during my two hours of watching, won my deepest admiration.

My second visit, a few days later, revealed the gratifying fact that the number of loafers had not sensibly increased, while there was no falling off in output. So, being mindful of the ill-advised doings of certain employers in the past, I resolved not to harass the bees, so long as the output was maintained. Imagine my astonishment, then, when some eight days after my second visit, I was informed by the Assistant Bee-master that a general strike had been proclaimed; all work had ceased in the hive and committee meetings were being held all over the building, even in the workrooms.

I immediately went into conference with my assistant.

Alas, he could offer no satisfactory explanation of the unrest. So far as he knew, there were no propagandists in the hive; the loafers whom I had noticed had no influence with the mass of the workers, who treated them with contempt. Since the product of the hive remained untouched, I decided not to force a decision. In time no doubt, the sturdy common sense and right-feeling so characteristic of bees would lead them back to work. Huppletop concurred in this hopeful view, and promised to watch the hive closely and report developments.

Some days later, he informed me that work was still entirely suspended, and that riots had broken out, resulting in the death of several members of the community, whose corpses might be seen in the vicinity of the main entrance of the hive. I reflected that this was very probably the natural result of self-enforced idleness and therefore called for no interference on my part; it seemed to me that the evil effects of such lawlessness might in the end prove a valuable lesson to the hive.

The rioting apparently soon ceased, but the meetings persisted. I began to feel hopeful of a resumption of labour, when one day, incautiously venturing near the hive, I was subjected to an unprovoked assault by one of the bees, who stung me severely on the nose. I saw at once that anarchy was abroad and that law and order must be maintained. I therefore took prompt measures to deal with the crisis. I summoned the Assistant Bee-master and consulted him concerning the course to pursue. He agreed with me about the advisability of clearing the works, while at the same time safeguarding the plant and the stored product. It was resolved to smoke the bees into a state of somnolence, in which state they might be picked off the interior of the hive, like berries from a bush. The task of picking off I delegated to my assistant.

All preparations were made for resuming possession of the plant, when suddenly, without warning, all the workers left the hive in a body. They held an excited demonstration at the entrance and flew off in a thick mass, still demonstrating noisily. We could hear their outcries and abuse for some minutes, while they moved over the hedge and down the road.

On examination I found that the honey that they had left behind would afford a reasonable return for all my outlay and that no damage had been done to the plant. But the anxiety I had endured during those weeks of unrest has warned me that I must make different arrangements next year. Fortunately there is no shortage of labour and my garden offers facilities for the installation of several hives, but I must secure more control over the bees if I am to compete efficiently with other Bee-masters.

It has been suggested to me that I might with advantage introduce the piece-work system, but I feel that the apportionment of tasks would be extremely difficult, and jealousy would inevitably show itself in an industrial community which, in the old days, worked harmoniously and with the utmost efficiency.

Finally, there remains the serious problem—how is a Bee-master to be secured against a down-tools strike in the hive?

E. P. WHITE.

### CHEKHOV'S NOTEBOOK.

THE grandfather is given fish to eat, and if it does not poison him and he remains alive, then all the family eat it.

A YOUNG man dreams of devoting himself to literature and constantly writes to his father about it; at last he leaves the civil service, goes to Petersburg, and devotes himself to literature—he becomes a censor.

FIRST-CLASS sleeping-car. Passengers—numbers 6, 7, 8 and 9. They discuss daughters-in-law. Simple people suffer from mothers-in-law, intellectuals from daughters-in-law.

"My elder son's wife is educated, arranges Sunday schools and libraries, but she is tactless, cruel, capricious, and physically revolting. At dinner she will suddenly go off into sham hysterics because of some article in the newspaper. An affected thing."

Another daughter-in-law: "In society she behaves passably, but at home she is a dolt, smokes, is miserly, and when she drinks tea, she keeps the sugar between her lips and teeth and speaks at the same time."



IN the servants' quarters Roman, a more or less dissolute peasant, thinks it his duty to look after the morals of the women servants.

AT Malo-Bronnaya [a street in Moscow], a little girl who has never been in the country feels it and raves about it, speaks about jackdaws, crows and colts, imagining parks and birds on trees.

A CERTAIN captain taught his daughter the art of fortification.

NEW literary forms always produce new forms of life and that is why they are so revolting to the conservative human mind.

AN official, who wore the portrait of the Governor's wife, lent money on interest; he secretly becomes rich. The late Governor's wife, whose portrait he has worn for fourteen years, now lives in a suburb, a poor widow; her son gets into trouble and she needs 4000 roubles. She goes to the official, and he listens to her with a bored look and says: "I can't do anything for you, my lady."

A LARGE, fat barmaid—a cross between a pig and a white sturgeon.

PEOPLE love talking of their diseases, although they are the most uninteresting things in their lives.

WOMEN deprived of the company of men pine; men deprived of the company of women become stupid.

A SICK innkeeper said to the doctor: "If I get ill, then for the love of God come without waiting for a summons. My sister will never call you in, whatever happens; she is a miser, and your fee is three roubles a visit." A month or two later the doctor heard that the innkeeper was seriously ill, and while he was making his preparations to go and see him, he received a letter from the sister saying: "My brother is dead." Five days later the doctor happened to go to the village and was told there that the innkeeper had died that morning. Disgusted he went to the inn. The sister dressed in black stood in the corner reading a psalm book. The doctor began to upbraid her for her stinginess and cruelty. The sister went on reading the psalms, but between every two sentences she stopped to quarrel with him—"Lots of your like running about here. . . . The devils brought you here." She belongs to the old faith, hates passionately and swears desperately.

THE new governor made a speech to his clerks. He called the merchants together—another speech. At the annual prize-giving of the secondary school for girls—a speech on true enlightenment. To the representatives of the press a speech. He called the Jews together: "Jews, I have summoned you." . . . A month or two passes—he does nothing. Again he calls his merchants together—a speech. Again the Jews: "Jews, I have summoned you." . . . He has wearied them all. At last he says to his Chancellor: "No, the work is too much for me, I shall have to resign."

A STUDENT at a village theological school was learning Latin by heart. Every half-hour he runs down to the maids' room and, closing his eyes, feels and pinches them; they scream and giggle; he returns to his book again. He calls it "refreshing oneself."

REALLY decent people are only to be found amongst men who have definite, either conservative or radical, convictions; so-called moderate men are much inclined to rewards, commissions, orders, promotions.

"WHAT did your uncle die of?"

"Instead of fifteen Botkin drops [a very harmless purgative], as the doctor prescribed, he took sixteen."

A YOUNG philologist, who has just left the University, comes home to his native town. He is elected churchwarden. He does not believe in God, but goes to church regularly, makes the sign of the cross when passing near a church or chapel, thinking that that sort of thing is necessary for the people and that the salvation of Russia is bound up with it. He is elected chairman of the Zemstvo board and a Justice of the Peace, he wins orders and medals; he does not notice that he has reached the age of forty-five; then suddenly he realizes that all the time he has been acting and making a fool of himself, but it is now too late to change his way of life. Once in his sleep he suddenly hears like the report of a gun the words: "What are you doing?" and he starts up all in a sweat.

A RICH man, usually insolent, his conceit enormous, but bears his riches like a cross. If the ladies and generals did not dispense charity on his account, if it were not for the poor students and the beggars, he would feel the anguish of loneliness. If the beggars struck and agreed not to beg from him, he would go to them himself.

THE husband invites his friends to his country house in the Crimea, and afterwards his wife, without her husband's knowledge, brings them the bill and is paid for board and lodging.

(To be continued)

## THE HARSHER FEMINISM.

WHO that before the war was ever in Munich during Carnival Week can forget the experience—the gaiety, the bright costumes, the impromptu burlesques, the dances, the old wines, the songs, the merry flirtations, the pervading spirit of friendliness and relaxation from care? Visiting Americans seemed to be, at first, slightly embarrassed and self-conscious, although after a while they would often contrive to catch the temper of the festival. But even then there would always be a sense of uneasiness about them, as if the carnival itself were something which the folks back home would hardly approve of; and of course they were right in their suspicion, for joy is looked at askance in this republic and any festival in the spirit of Munich's annual Carnival is inconceivable here to-day. It is true that something of the true festival spirit might have been detected in the old-fashioned *mardi gras* of New Orleans, but all observers of this year's event agree that it was a sad and artificial affair. The workings of the Eighteenth Amendment served only to emphasize the absence of an inner sense of fun and good-natured jollity. Why is this? What subtle blight has been at work in America? Where is the keen sense of the joy of living? Why, in innumerable American towns, is the whole concept of having a good time contained in a trip to the "movies," followed by a bacchanalia of ice-cream soda at the corner drug-store? Where are those who give colour, sting, and vibrancy to the environment? Where is our youth demanding its inalienable rights to romance and adventure? Why have we no longer a sense of true gaiety and wholesome, robust laughter? What has happened to make the whole temper of our national life so cheerless and forbidding?

At bottom, the answer to all these questions is the same, and it is startlingly simple: we have forgotten how to play. This arises partly from the survival of the old Puritan sense of sin—the grotesque notion that gaiety in itself is morally dubious—and partly from the growing mechanization of our life. Our industrial life is the story of the gradual dehumanization of the proletariat, a process which has gone on largely without their being aware of it. Rational human living



means creation, which means doing things. But with the development of large-scale production, and its appropriate standardized machines, we do not really *do* anything at all. We have mechanized our industrial habits so generally that men perform the same routine, unchanging task all through their working-day. Gradually, as they become adept in the handling of the particular little cog of the machine assigned to them, they lose the power of fresh habituation, the power again, in a word, to do things. Things are done to them rather than the reverse. Consequently, in their amusements, as in the making of their livelihood, they must *be* amused; they have lost the ability to amuse themselves. Consider the vogue of the popular cheap movie which makes perhaps the lowest known appeal to any form of mental effort; consider the type of popular newspaper, which is essentially the newspaper with many cartoons and pictures, a sheet that one can glance at but need not bother to read; consider the nationalization of the phonograph, which is making choral and group-singing and spontaneous, individual, instrumental playing, mere anachronisms. The typical American will cheerfully spend money to hire performers to entertain him, but he is completely at a loss to know how to entertain himself. Puritanism was the natural foe of gaiety, for it was preoccupied, when not engaged in material conquest, with the problem of sin and not with the problems of creation and play. The excesses of drinking, which were the normal accompaniment of the old-time American saloon, were simply the consequences of our incapacity to get joy out of life, the psychological compensation for not knowing how to play, the brutally direct attempt to conquer the dullness of reality. Must the Anglo-Saxon temperament always lead its unfortunate possessors to oscillate between the attitude of a Puritan Roundhead and a Restoration Cavalier?

It is hardly likely that the American people would allow themselves to be led around by the propagandist and reformist minorities, were it not for two striking things: first, unlike homogeneous countries, we are a nation with a comparatively small ruling Anglo-Saxon caste and a large subject-class made up of racial minorities and cowed and poverty-stricken immigrants; second, within the ruling class itself, even the intelligent section of it, the average law-abiding American inherits, or acquires from the current social standards, enough of this Puritan sense of sin to make him tolerate the excesses of the reformers. The truth is, even the comparatively sophisticated are afraid of their own natural impulses; they seem to fear that once give free play to them, they will run wild. It may well be that this suspicion is due rather to these impulses having been bottled up for so long, to their diversion to underground channels, than to any rational guess about what would happen to them, if set free in a sane and healing social milieu.

But a deeper significance lies in the character of the attack of the reformist minorities, so patiently tolerated by the citizenry. The campaign against intoxicating beverages, the grotesque white slavery laws and vice commissions, the regulation of bathing costumes, the excesses of the self-appointed censors of art and literature, the ban on certain forms of dancing, the agitation against all forms of racing and gambling, the anti-tobacco crusades, and more recently the demand in certain quarters for a censorship of moving pictures—all these prohibitions have this in common, that they aim at keeping man at home and making him a sober, industrious husband and a eugenic parent. They are all *feministic* in quality, *feministic*, that is to say, in

the bad sense of the word. This is the underlying unity of the type of reformistic fanaticism now dominant in these States, and it is a unity that usually escapes the superficial observer. Woman, the home-maker and the mother, is out with a battle-ax to see that men do not run away and play, either with other women or at their clubs or at the race-course or—most terrible of all, in their eyes—at the inn. They are determined that in this Republic men shall soon, quite literally, have no place to go but home.

What is revealed in all this is a deep emotional maladjustment in American life which critics have only rarely had the courage to face. For the paradox of the situation is that the women who lead happy and contented emotional lives are not to be found in the ranks of the reformers. Women who have made a satisfactory adjustment with reality are seldom interested in projects for reforming the world; they are content to enjoy their own personal life, and to touch the life of the herd only incidentally and for specific purposes. Feminism of the hard, fanatic, intolerant type, *per contra*, is always a clinical symptom of sexual failure in some form or other.

What further complicates the drift towards a harsh feminism is the indubitable fact that women for generations have been badly treated by men. Since the days of the chivalric tradition men have been laying up trouble for themselves; for women have been given a real grievance. They have been exploited in terms of property; in America particularly men have been so preoccupied with business and the making of money that they have forgotten the art of love; women too have often been the worst sufferers from vice; they have seen men make so bad a mess of things that their sons have been killed in senseless wars. Small wonder then that the extreme feminist conceives the myth of a malign male conspiracy to keep women "in their place," strictly analogous to the socialist's myth of a malign, capitalistic conspiracy to keep the workers from enjoying the full fruit of their toil. The feminists simply substitute for the older myth of the class-war the new myth of the natural warfare between men and women; instead of being class-conscious, they are sex-conscious. The results we are just beginning to see, and the end is not yet. For now, through the vote and through excellent organization, in Europe through numerical superiority as well, they are acquiring power, and like all classes who have been oppressed and who suddenly acquire strength, they are in turn oppressing others. Like most people suffering from an old grievance, they mistake freedom for the right to coerce according to their own terms. Denied the full dignity of human beings for so long, they now can not accept men as human beings either—they can see them only as the father and the faithful husband, the incorrigibly bad boy who likes to run away from home and who must be disciplined for his own good and for the sake of the race. Is it to be wondered at that they confuse this discipline, imposed from without rather than springing spontaneously from voluntary co-operation, with progress?

Until the present tendency is ended—unless men and women can come together on a rational human basis—the spirit of carnival will vanish from the country. With its disappearance will go all gaiety and good-nature and jollity—human qualities that come to life only when men and women, as equals, can play and sing together, can laugh in common enjoyment and happiness, shouting defiance in the face of an ironically implacable world.

HAROLD STEARNS.



## THE POGROMS OF POLAND.

WHILE there is much truth in the indictment that is drawn up against the Poles on the score of their excesses against the Jewish population it is desirable that the responsibility of the Pole for these atrocities should not be exaggerated. After all, the pogrom is not a Polish invention, nor is it a new phenomenon in Eastern Europe. Pogroms have accompanied the activities of Catholic priests since the thirteenth century, being, indeed, their chief weapon in their efforts to extend the dominion of the Roman Church in Slavdom. Perhaps the fiercest pogrom on record counted priests among its victims together with Jews, when in the fourteenth century, the Cossack peasants, aroused by Chmielnitzki against the Polish nobles, strung up every priest they could catch, together with a Jew and a hog. But the pogrom is not always an entirely religious or even racial affair—certainly the Greek business men in Odessa, who in 1854 engineered a pogrom against their too successful Jewish rivals, were not acting primarily in the interests of the Church, nor were they animated by any particular feeling against Jews, *per se*.

The pogrom is, in fact, a method whose efficacy is firmly believed in by the reactionaries of Eastern Europe. In the Ukraine it is the normal outlet for human hatred. It received scientific rationalization in the nineteenth century from Germany and was formally approved by Bismarck, Lueger and Nicholas II. Under von Plehve the pogrom became a deliberate policy and it acquired a new and semi-religious sanction when Ignatiev (or Pobiedonostzev) of fragrant memory, announced that he would force one-third of the Jews to conversion, one-third to emigrate, and the other third to die of hunger.

The recent pogroms in Poland, and the vastly more numerous pogroms carried out by the Polish armies in the Ukraine and White Russia during their various advances and retreats, are the natural consequences of Western Europe's onslaught—led by the Governments of France and England—upon Soviet Russia. The Polish people are war-weary, hysterical, hypersensitive, misinformed, badly led, and angry. Anti-Jewish feeling normally occupies a large place in the mental make-up of the average Pole, being deliberately kept alive for various reasons by clerical, cultural and political leaders; it follows therefore that Polish statesmen of the rank of MM. Patek, Sapieha and Marshal Pilsudski find it impossible to obey the behests of the French Government to make war upon Soviet Russia, and at the same time prevent popular excesses against the Jews. Doubtless these gentlemen would be delighted if anti-Jewish pogroms could be stopped, especially when they realize that these outbreaks are largely responsible for the failure of Mr. Rybarski's recent request for a loan in the United States. Being more far-sighted than M. Paderewski and his colleague, M. Roman Dmowski (the leader of the Catholic National party), MM. Patek and Sapieha and Marshal Pilsudski realize that Poland can not exist without the Jews, and they recognize that untold harm is done to Poland's cause by these continuing outrages against the Jews. But the liberal elements in Poland have been maintaining that if President Millerand and M. Tardieu are to be obeyed, and the war against Russia is to go on, it would be suicidal to try to restrain the masses and the soldiers and the priests from organized attacks upon the Jews. For they fear that any attempt at compulsion would have the effect of pushing the none too firm foundations from under the present Government, by destroying the temporary unity of the nation, and creating resent-

ment among the Polish people which would leave Poland a helpless prey to the Red Army. The logic of this view is sound enough and therefore as long as the Allies compel Poland to continue its war against Soviet Russia, pogroms will not and can not cease. The guilt is no longer wholly Poland's; the Allied Governments can not evade their share—a large share—of the blame for these atrocities which are the natural consequences of the Allied policy towards Russia. How long the present armistice between Russia and Poland will last is problematical; to all intents and purposes, the best elements of Poland are struggling to meet Russia halfway and to bring about an actual peace between the two nations. But the vexed question of Vilna is not yet settled, nor can the unjust terms of the Russian treaty, which aroused even liberal Poles to protest, be accepted without alteration.

The whole history of anti-Semitism in Poland shows how logical is the position to which Polish liberals are thus driven. The Jews originally, some eight centuries ago, entered Poland at the invitation of a king who needed a literate, intelligent class of non-peasants to serve as small handicraftsmen and merchants and petty officials. At that time the position of the Polish Jew was better than that of his co-religionist almost anywhere else in Europe. He was constituted into a third estate, with his own courts, schools, etc. Unfortunately—and this is an important point to remember—he was almost universally appointed by the Polish nobles to the position of *arendar*, a sort of rent-collector, estate-manager, and general go-between. Thus the oppressions of the nobles were felt by the peasants through the Jews who administered the system, and who exacted their masters' extortions. It was this which caused the Jew to become an object of general hatred; a hatred which enabled the priests and emissaries from Rome, with their fanatical zeal for the extension of the Mother Church, to foster anti-Semitism in the minds of the peasants. Under the leadership of the papal nuncios and the Jesuits, the pogrom was developed on a large scale. The grotesque charge that the Jews had stabbed wafers of the Host, thereby causing blood to flow from the wounds, and the ritual murder accusation, originated in these priestly brains. The passionate religiosity of the Pole made him a credulous listener to these fantastic tales. Thus the priests sowed the wind, and Poland now is reaping the whirlwind.

With the coming of the Industrial Revolution, the Polish Jew entered a new period. Under the deadening autocracy of Russia, Poland stood still while the Western world was building schools and factories. There was little or no development of Polish commerce and no Polish bourgeoisie arose to take its place in the life of the nation. In a century pre-eminently belonging to the manufacturing and trading classes, the Pole remained a noble or a peasant, with his eyes turned Eastward and inward, never Westward and outward. Only the Jew, irrepressible, persistent, quick to learn, shut out from every other means of livelihood, forbidden to own land, barred from the universities and thus compelled to go abroad, whence he returned to his native Poland imbued with the Western spirit—only the Jew learnt to expand his small mediæval trading-methods to fit modern conditions, and became the backbone of the merchant class of Poland and Russia. Even after the Jews were excluded from the cities of Russia, they carried on an underground trade, using Poland as a base. The Pole scorned to enter the business world and compete with the Jew, and contented himself with monopolizing the bureaucracy, till finally



the Russian Government passed a series of laws which forbade the appointment of a Pole to any administrative office within the Empire, even in Poland. One characteristic exception was made, however—for autocracy never loses a chance to embitter its victims against one another—Poles were allowed to remain in and dominate the Russian secret police-system, just as until to-day the only office to which a Jew in Poland might aspire has been that of an agent of the secret police.

As a result, financial manufacturing and business activities were practically monopolized by Jews. Meanwhile, with Poland subject to Russia, the Catholic Church stood out as the one effective and cohesive force in the nation, and its vast influence was persistently used to embitter the people against the Jews. Hand in hand with the intelligentsia and the nobility, the Church saturated the masses with the doctrines of anti-Semitism. The Church Synod periodically decreed that "the Jews may be permitted to remain in Poland as reminders of the sufferings inflicted by them upon the Saviour, but must not be permitted to increase beyond a reasonable limit." Meanwhile, the younger intellectuals, weighted with the influence of German thought, rationalized what the ignorant only felt, with the result that the entire bureaucracy of Poland became a vast anti-Semitic propaganda-machine preventing any possible betterment of feeling.

In recent times, this anti-Jewish feeling has become increasingly bitter. In an organized attempt to exterminate the Jewish middle class, in order to make room for a Polish middle class, the boycott was declared in 1907. "The Pole must not buy from nor employ a Jew." Even the official manual (January, 1921) of the Boy Scouts directs the boys not to purchase anything from a Jew. The Jew can not be an officer in the Army, he can not be a university professor, he can not be employed upon any public utility. The restrictions of this boycott are being enforced and multiplied to-day by a vast propaganda-machine controlled by the bourgeoisie, the bureaucracy, the priests and the intelligentsia. This organization employs the most modern American printing equipment and a host of ephemeral organizations, of which the *Soldat Polonais* is the chief. For the past fifteen months they have been engaged in arousing the masses with the story that the Soviet Revolution (which shares with the Jews the venom of the propagandists) is the work of the Jews. The notorious *Dva Grosh* ("Two Cents"), a reactionary sheet, exists frankly for this purpose. Army recruiting is stimulated by frank appeals to Jewish hatred. These propagandists declare that the Soviet Government is financed by rich Jews; therefore attacks upon Jewish banks are openly encouraged. The poster art of Polish artists has been enlisted in the cause. One of these posters which was pasted over every vacant bit of wall in Warsaw in June and July last, bore a gigantic figure of Trotzky in lurid red, armed with smoking pistols, surveying a sea of writhing Poles. Another depicted a falling wall, being upheld on one side by Polish soldiers and pushed down from the other side by an army bearing aloft the flag of the Jews—the six-pointed star. As a result of all this propaganda, it would have been strange indeed if, when the Polish soldier went into the field, he did not seek to murder Jews and to loot every Jewish home and Jewish business in the territory he occupied.

These pogroms, I believe, could be ended in a month, by the adoption of the same means that overcame Jew-baiting in Soviet Russia—simply by the issuance to the Army of an order that soldiers guilty of acts of vio-

lence would be shot, followed by a dozen examples of the Government's determination to put the order into effect. In addition to this it would only be necessary to withdraw State support from the priests and to jail a few of the more prominent leaders of the propaganda-machine. But the present Government of Poland has confessed itself impotent to carry out such a vigorous policy, fearing instant overthrow; for no Polish Government can successfully serve two masters, the Entente and the Polish people. Therefore, General Pilsudski and the selfish peasant-magnates who dominate the Polish Diet have cast in their lot with France, and persistently refuse to see—as the leaders of Soviet Russia have seen—that the true interests of their nation are bound up with the making of peace, the social rehabilitation and modernization of the country, and the solution of the Jewish question.

Only one group in Poland—the leaders of organized labour—has the vision to recognize that the national destiny, like that of any small Slavic nation, is bound up with the destiny of Russia. Sooner or later, it may be a matter of months or years, Poland will have a labour-Government, which will destroy the present alliance with France and England, break the connexion between Church and State and, by so doing, bring an end to clerical domination, make an honest and enduring peace with Russia and settle the Jewish question. Then the world will see that the Polish soldier is not a *Pogromchik*—for essentially no human being is a *Pogromchik*. The Polish soldier needs leadership of another kind, under which he will return to work, a member of a progressing civil community.

GEORGE PETERS.

### RUSSIA'S FOOD PROBLEMS: III.

IN my earlier articles in this series I have tried to show how confused and contradictory have been the Soviet Government's methods of collecting grain from the peasants during their three years' "battle with famine," but the Government's method of distributing the grain reveals a still greater lack of system or principle.

In their endeavour to organize a completely new system of food distribution the Bolsheviki were of course greatly hindered by the tremendous scarcity of supplies, and, what was perhaps even more important, by the general demoralization in public affairs. The state of corruption and mismanagement which prevailed in the Department of Food Organization during its first year was so flagrant that the Department of State Control undertook to revise the whole food-distributing system. The State Control Department is one of the most promising institutions in present-day Russia. It is known as the Workers' and Peasants' Control, and is one of the great achievements of the Revolution. The whole spirit and intent of this institution is to impress upon the people that *they* are the sovereign power in the State, and that the State departments are in fact their servants, and are responsible to them, the people. It thus becomes the duty of the people, not merely their right or privilege, to exercise control over the Government and all its activities.

Democratic control is of course a desirable thing in any country; but in Russia some effort at supervision and control by the people is essential, because nowhere else in the world is the spirit of corruption and irresponsibility so widespread and deep-seated, and also because under Bolshevism a kind of super-State has been established, a new form of "cabinet autocracy," an omnipotent bureaucratic machine. This Workers' and Peasants' Control whereby the simplest people are taught to look upon the business of government as their business, is destined to have a tremendous influence upon the Russian people. Already the idea has excited much enthusiasm among the workers, and its educational value has been widely



demonstrated. Here, it seems to me, in this new movement of popular control, lies the most hopeful aspect of the Russian Revolution.

During its two years of existence the Workers' Control has brought to light an appalling state of corruption in many departments of the Soviet Government, and nowhere greater than in the Food Administration. The revision that took place during the first three months of 1919, showed according to the official report, "that the work of the Food Administration was casual, without method and often so mismanaged as to be entirely corrupt." After enumerating countless examples of incompetence, graft, and criminal negligence, the report proceeds to state that this deplorable state of affairs was due chiefly to the fact that in its early stages the Bolshevik Government was boycotted by the trained officials, and had to build its huge administrative machine with untrained and, on the whole, inferior material. After the Revolution the more idealistic elements in the revolutionary ranks went into those departments of government which appealed to their idealism and called for self-sacrificing service, such as education, national defence, etc., while those departments which dealt with the handling of material goods attracted a vast army of self-seekers, who foresaw great scope for plunder.

The report also strongly censures the Communist party for making its impossible demand that all the most responsible posts in every government department should be held by members of the Communist party, notwithstanding the fact that the party possessed only a very limited number of morally reliable and technically efficient people—as a matter of fact, as might have been expected, the Communist party since it came into power, has attracted into its ranks some of the worst type of adventurers, who abound in Russia as in other countries. The report therefore insists that in choosing their officials the economic departments of the State should be guided by considerations of efficiency only, and not by political opinions. This revision of the Food Administration by the Workers' Control led to a speedy change of policy by the Bolshevik Government; and it was shortly after the publication of the report that Lenin made his famous appeal for "specialists" to direct the economic and technical affairs of the State.

But to return to the story of the Soviet Government's distribution of food; it is worthy of note that the Bolsheviks at first proclaimed the principle of equality in food distribution. This principle, however, was never put to the test. During the Soviet Government's first year the food supplies fell to such a low level that if equally distributed they were not even sufficient to cover a ration of one quarter of a pound of bread per head per week. When the Civil war began, and the Russian bourgeoisie were maliciously enjoying the prospect of seeing the Revolution strangled by the "withered hand of hunger," the Government felt justified in applying the class principle to the distribution of food. Meanwhile the growing Red Army had to be provided for; and what little food survived the grabbing of the officials, was badly needed for the soldiers and the loyal workers in the towns, and so began the *classovoi paiok*—or class ration.

For the purposes of the class ration the population was divided into three categories: (1) the Red Army, (2) workers and soviet officials, (3) the rest of the population. The first category was assigned a full ration, which was by no means fixed, but varied according to the available supplies. It never fell below half a pound per head per day, and was frequently as high as two pounds per day. The second category received about half of a soldier's ration, and the third category was not assigned any regular ration at all, receiving only occasionally what was left over from the other two. This system of course was based on purely political considerations, and aimed at convincing the masses that they were the only masters in the State, in the hope of securing their unwavering support of the new regime. The effect of these measures, however, was that those sections of the population which were deprived of any share in the distribution of food

naturally attempted to provide for themselves by paying high prices to any individuals who managed to slip through the barriers erected by the Government between the food growers in the villages and the starving consumers in the towns. At that time the dispossessed bourgeoisie had still enough of the old Tsar's money with which to charm the peasants and "sackmen," and their demand for food was a very effective one. As a matter of fact the Soviet Food Administration, during the first eighteen months of its existence provided an average of not more than fifteen per cent of the food consumed in the towns of Central and Northern Russia; the rest was supplied by food speculators of the worst kind.

Thus, the principle of food distribution according to classes proved both harmful and inefficient. It failed to win over the workers because the mere announcement of their privileged position did not relieve their hunger. Although they were nominally receiving a sufficient ration, the workers were in fact obliged to resort to the same methods of obtaining food as the people in the lower categories; they carried on an illicit trade with the "sackmen," and made expeditions into the country carrying their possessions with them to exchange for food. Naturally enough this constant and unorganized search for food seriously affected the productivity of the factories, and finally the Government was obliged to introduce a system of leave—a few days every three months—whereby the workers might go out and collect food for themselves in the neighbourhood. Each man was allowed to bring in not more than two poods of flour or grain for his own use. This plan, however, was soon abandoned because the railways were found to be incapable of dealing with the huge increase of passenger-traffic that followed. The workers' dissatisfaction steadily increased, furthermore those workers who were doing overtime or were engaged on work that was indispensable to the State began to clamour for a larger ration for themselves, such as had already been granted to the munition-workers.

The authorities now realized that the principle of class distribution had achieved no good purpose, and the idea of food as a reward for work gradually developed. The *trudovoi* or the principle of "food for work" was established. The usefulness of the individual to the State, and not the social class to which he belonged, now became the guiding principle in the distribution of food. The idea of equality in distribution was thus completely abandoned. But the simple qualification of work done was deemed insufficient; it became a question of the kind and usefulness of the work, and accordingly a scale of rationing was established varying with the character of the work.

The result of this method of food distribution is that in Russia to-day food is now becoming the chief incentive to work. The Government when embarking upon any enterprise must consider first of all whether there is sufficient food available to keep the employed workers alive. This aspect of the problem presented itself very forcibly when Soviet Russia was cut off from the usual fuel supplies, and faced with the problem of supplying the railways, factories and the general population with wood-fuel in enormous quantities. The Government was compelled to guarantee a certain food ration to the wood-workers. This was the first case of the so-called "armoured" ration, i.e., a fixed guaranteed ration not affected by the general food situation. Naturally other workers soon became jealous of the privileged position of the wood-workers who were receiving this armoured ration, and demanded similar treatment. Thus the armoured ration soon spread to the railways, then to the repair-shops, then to certain of the tool and machine factories, then to the sanitary workers, and so on. In November, 1919, when this new system started, there were 300,000 armoured rations; in December 600,000; in February, 1920, over one million; in May, 1,200,000. This new system of food distribution marked the collapse of the Bolshevik principle of food for work, but soon a new idea of distribution presented itself—the *selevoie*



*snabjenie*, i.e., distribution with the special purpose of getting a certain job done. The armoured ration is the chief element in this new scheme, but it is by no means the only one. A system of special rations and food premiums has been developed in addition to the armoured ration.

These food premiums are of special interest because they are given both for attendance and for productivity. A premium for attendance sounds odd, yet it is a very necessary measure, since the average of absences from work in Russian factories is very high. Statistics show that this is chiefly due to the workers going out into the country in quest of food. Thus, in the Moscow metal-industry the average absence from the factory per worker works out at the high figure of 9.5 days per month; but in similar factories situated in the food-growing provinces the average is only 4.8 days per month.

To describe the present system of food distribution in Russia is an almost impossible task, because of the variety of detail prevailing throughout the country. Only the very general characteristics can be enumerated here. In a hasty survey of the problem it is first essential to distinguish between the ration-system for bread, and that for other foodstuffs, such as potatoes, cereals, etc. Bread is distributed—in different quantities—to all citizens by ration-cards, while other things are assigned only to privileged groups who are allowed a special ration. When the armoured ration is assigned, it means extra bread and vegetables in the following proportions:

For an 8 hour day 1 pound bread and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of vegetables  
For a 10 hour day  $1\frac{1}{4}$  pound bread and  $\frac{2}{3}$  pound of vegetables  
For a 12 hour day  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pound bread and  $\frac{2}{3}$  pound of vegetables

In factories where the conditions of work are particularly severe and where the normal working-day is only six hours, the armoured ration is given for a six, eight and ten hour day respectively. Usually the armoured ration is given in addition to the special ration.

The special rations are attached to various trades and institutions. It is now a common thing in Moscow to see people carrying little bags in which to take home their rations from their factories and offices. In the winter months many people take their rations home on little toboggans, and it is a striking spectacle to see everybody walking in the middle of the road, where there is very little traffic, pulling along these diminutive sledges which are called with characteristic Moscow humour "Soviet motor-cars."

Nowadays a man seeking employment in Russia is chiefly concerned with the special ration attached to the different institutions and trades, and he will make detailed inquiries into the food aspect of the job, often completely ignoring the nominal wages and conditions of work. A pound of salt per month, or a pound of vegetable oil or a pound of sugar as a special ration has been known greatly to affect the labour-situation. Indeed, the competition between factories and Soviet institutions in offering better rations at last became so acute that the Government was compelled to introduce "leaving certificates," with the result that an opportunity to get better rations is not now accepted as a sufficient reason for quitting a job.

MICHAEL FARBMAN.

## WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

### II: MARTHA, THE INTELLECTUAL.

SUCH efforts as Mary have made to avoid a scene as Jesus drew near the house of her sister Martha in Bethany proved unavailing. Martha would not conceal her annoyance with the Master. There was indeed sufficient reason for the heat of her agitation—indignation, even. Her brother Lazarus had lain in the grave four days already. The instant his sisters realized the gravity of his case, they had sent word to the Master. Martha seems to have thought he would hasten to Bethany. He tarried. When at last Jesus drew near the house in which Martha dwelt, her sister Mary, as one is strongly tempted to infer, strove to keep the agitated creature

indoors until the Master was actually on the threshold. But Martha would not be kept back; she hurried forth to give Jesus a piece of her mind. "Lord!" she exclaimed as soon as she saw him, "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

The reproach implied in the words was not unfamiliar to Jesus in his dealings with women. That woman of Canaan—she whose daughter was grievously vexed with a devil—anticipated Paul and all the apostles in perceiving the universality of the Master's message. She would not go away. Not even the disciples could get rid of her and Jesus had to work a miracle in order to appease her. Being a woman, she used intuition. She was not content with her mere perception of the truth that Jesus must save not his people only but the whole world. She was the means of disclosing to mankind—perhaps prematurely—the tremendous scope of Christianity. Alone and unaided she discovered Jesus just as the great Cardinal discovered Michelangelo, or as Columbus discovered America. The supreme triumph in the spiritual history of the human race was, therefore, a woman's. She refused to take "No" for an answer even from the Master, because she knew, as Martha knew, that he was the Christ.

There was nothing unusual in those days in the freedom with which Jesus was treated by these women. It seems amazing to us only because of the obliteration of a feminine attitude towards life from what must be called, for want of a more expressive term, the modern soul. What peculiarly characterized the woman of classical antiquity was her freedom, precisely as the essential fact regarding the twentieth-century woman is her education. It was Mary then as it is Martha now.

This difference between woman's ancient freedom and woman's modern education comprises the antithesis between the world in which Jesus found himself and the world in which our own lot is cast. A disconcerting ignorance of this fact, unenlightened by the slightest suspicion that woman enjoyed in the ancient world liberties denied her now, makes it supremely difficult to explain not only the case of the woman of Canaan, but the far more celebrated case of Mary and Martha.

Lazarus, I believe, had died of Martha. She had sistered him into his grave and she all but succeeded in keeping him there. Unable, apparently, to get rid of Martha's domination, Lazarus must have taken the first chance he could get to die. If this is not obvious, it is simply because the femininity which is so pervasive a thing in the New Testament is in process of obliteration from the modern world. This obliteration is veiled by woman's conception of what she is doing as she emancipates herself. The Martha of our own day is confused by her failure to distinguish freedom from education. Mary was not educated—but she was free!

Actually, after Jesus had said to Martha: "Thy brother shall rise again!" she insisted that she knew all about it; her brother would rise again in the resurrection at the last day. For Martha was what we would call nowadays an intellectual. The moment she understood the tremendous nature of the claims made for Jesus, she undertook to teach him, to coach him, exactly in the manner of the woman of Canaan. But if the faith of the woman of Canaan was something to wonder at, that of Martha was sophisticated. Jesus did not raise Lazarus from the dead then and there. He wanted to see Mary first, and Martha went home to report the fact. Mary lost no time, and when she was come to where Jesus was, she fell down at his feet and wept (Martha, the intellectual, had done nothing of that kind); and then Mary, using Martha's very words, said, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." It is worth noting that while Jesus had not wept before he did so now, yet there was no reproach in Mary's words or tears.

By the time they all got to the grave—quite a crowd had now collected—Jesus was greatly troubled. Martha had got wind of what was happening and she was there to give Jesus the benefit of her advice. The difficulty of attempting an elucidation of this very modern behaviour



on Martha's part—unless this elucidation be along ethical or theological lines—arises from the lamentable decay of classical studies in these days, a decay which is threatening to render the recovery of the Christianity of Jesus all but impossible. Already this decay has proceeded to such lengths that many well-educated people think there is no evidence for the "miracles" of Jesus that would survive judicial tests in a court of law. Well-educated Marthas to-day, fresh from the universities, are ever ready to assert on public platforms and in magazine-articles that members of their sex in the ancient world were not as free as they are in these modern times. Our feminists are incredulous when they are told that Martha wanted to teach the Master his business, but then they are incredulous when they are told that a Roman lady in that age might own outright half a dozen engineers, a score of miners and a regiment of labourers. It is difficult to realize the extent to which poor men in those days were in the power of rich women. Martha as a woman of substance patronized the poor Master. She thought him inefficient.

Martha disclosed this most completely when they all got to the grave of Lazarus. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. When Jesus told them to take away the stone, Martha remembered that respiration had entirely ceased in the cadaver and that no corneal reflex was present. Nevertheless, she must not talk above the Master's head. "Lord," she cried, "by this time he stinketh, for he hath been dead four days."

The Marthas of to-day are as firmly persuaded as ever that they know a great deal more about Christianity than Jesus did, and they labour under the additional handicap of being much better educated than their brother Lazarus. Hence Martha in the modern world is in the dilemma of those educated and cultivated slaves whose genius and skill were such tremendous assets to the Roman Senators who owned them. Those slaves had no illusions regarding their lot. They could paint exquisite pictures. They designed and built aqueducts. They built bridges and palaces. They were well housed, well fed, well dressed. These men and women belonged to the aristocracy of the slave-world, but they would gladly have exchanged their lot for the freedom of the men and the women who went in and out and about with Jesus. This is the secret of the wholesale conversions when first the gospel was proclaimed to the Gentiles.

When Mary and Martha lived with their brother Lazarus at Bethany, Rome had already fallen under the spell of the Greece she had conquered long before the Herods sat on the throne of Judea. If our age of Einstein be characterized by its obliteration of femininity, the age of Pericles had distinguished itself through its obliteration of masculinity. No discerning eye can scrutinize the men of Athens during that outburst of the Greek genius which began with Æschylus and reached its climax in the collapse of the Sicilian expedition without marvelling at the feminine delicacy, the feminine artistry, the feminine eloquence and the feminine philosophy that dominated the men of the period. It is misleading, in fact, to refer to the men of the period, for there were no men of the period. Alcibiades, with all his greatness and all his indirection, exhibits the charm no less than the recklessness of the feminine soul. The pupils of Socrates may have worn men's clothes, but they looked and talked like young ladies. The period was so perfumed, so polite, that we need not wonder at the failure of Athens to anticipate Rome in that career of universal dominion which brought the Jews under the rule of the Romans at the time when Lazarus lay dead. Rome took the age of Pericles to her bosom, but she did not lose her essential masculinity in the embrace. If the Greeks thought the Romans too coarse, the Romans thought the Greeks too timid.

By the time Jesus appeared on the scene, the sexes had become sharply differentiated again. Women had nothing to gain and much to lose by obliterating their femininity in Martha's style. It is true that men no longer sought to feminize themselves. There had grown up that consciousness of sex which whether good or bad remains

an important historical fact. Consciousness of sex in man or woman under the Cæsars may be preferable to an aping of women by men in an age of Pericles or an aping of men by women in an age of Einstein. It is a matter of taste and education. If women like to be masculine, they will slay, swear and drink like Penthesilea. If men like to be feminine, they will weep, wear skirts and kiss one another like Alcibiades and Callias. When women are women and men are men we have a balance which, odd as it may seem, is unusual, an equilibrium for which Augustus sighed and the apostles strove. Some curious inferences could be drawn from the New Testament on this subject, inferences well established by classical studies.

Now, if we may say of Paul that he was a Romanized Jew, we may say of Martha that she was a Romanized Jewess. Romanized women in that day, whatever their race, could not resist the temptation to take the initiative in their dealings with men, and Martha was a sophisticated intellectual. We need not wonder that Jesus had to reprove her before they took that stone away from her brother's grave. There is nothing to be surprised at in the circumstance that before he raised the dead on this occasion, Jesus cried with a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth!" The miracle resides not only in the detail that the man had lain four days in the grave but in the circumstance that he was made to come back to Martha. Apparently she learned absolutely nothing from the experience. Lazarus had scarcely got home when Martha began to take it all out on Mary—Mary, seated at the feet of Jesus and listening to his word. "Lord," lamented Martha, "dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" Thus that awful woman's efficiency manifested itself again!

Martha's plaint is still loud in the land as she practises law, pays her income tax and drives Lazarus into his economic grave with her greater efficiency and her superior education. That is the significant fact in Martha's progressive emancipation. She realizes that something must be wrong somewhere because Lazarus gets so much the worst of it, but she has her explanation. "Lord," she insists, "if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Perhaps in the cold, grey dawn of the morning after pay day, Martha may be haunted by an awful suspicion that Mary has chosen the better part—Mary, who wastes a whole pound of costly ointment, without asking the price, Mary, who does not work, but weeps. It is true that her brother did not rise from the dead until Mary had shed those tears. Adorable Mary!

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

### IN DARKEST ENGLAND.

SIRS: A thick British controversy, this one between the Government and the Triple Alliance. If the electric lights go out in England to-night, the country will be in no greater darkness than it is this noon.

We correspondents have quite ceased to illuminate, I am sure. We gather, like sheep, at the headquarters of the Triple Alliance, "baaing" our tentative opinions and surmises. Is the "Revolution" here? If not, why not? Tiring of this, we ask for Mr. J. H. Thomas, M. P., head of the National Union of Railwaymen. He appears and gives us a statement, a heavy British statement. His face reveals deep British emotion; we note his face eagerly, it is easier to read than the statement. We copy the face and the statement. Mr. Thomas respectfully withdraws the face. We gather around the statement, we butt our heads over it, we mill around, the sheep-nosed reconnaissance of the world's intelligence. Then, with a sudden common emotion, we dash off elsewhere—to the Board of Trade, or to the hole in the high wooden fence where "the Press" go through to Downing street.

My impression, after several exhausting days, is that Englishmen in a quarrel regard it as unmanly, or at least



as un-English, to "join the issue." The island code requires you to be portentous over trifles and intensely reserved over the main question if there happens to be one. The communists, in a gallant attempt to be up-to-date and American, have tried to popularize a slogan for this strike: "It's Your Wages They Want," but the slogan was promptly ruined by Mr. Frank Hodges's declaration that if that was all the mine-owners wanted, they were welcome to the wages, at least in part. Mr. Hodges suggests a Y. M. C. A. worker fighting for his virtue. . . .

But there really is an issue, even if the people of England do not clearly see it. It is an issue based on certain simple facts. One of those facts is that certain Englishmen own a lot of inefficient coal-mines, some of which had proved so unprofitable that they had been abandoned before the war. Some were unprofitable because the seam of coal was too thin; they had to dig out a lot of solid rock to get at the coal. Others were unprofitable because the neighbouring mines drained constantly into them and they had to be pumped out expensively. Others had poor equipment for hauling the coal, both underground and up to the surface.

The technical question on which the mine-owners and the mine-workers have split is really this: what shall be done with the unprofitable mines? Those who own them are anxious to get profits out of them as long as they can. So they propose that the miners shall go down into those poorer mines and work for less wages than they would get in the more prosperous mines. To this the miners demur. They say, in substance: "Either close up those inefficient mines altogether or, if you insist on working them, then pay the miners what they would get for their work in a decent mine." The miners suggest that this can be done by pooling the proceeds of the coal-industry and from this common fund paying profits to the owner and fairly uniform wages to the men. Admitting frankly that there is to-day no market for English coal at present English prices, the miners suggest that the Government continue to help things along by advancing, as heretofore, a subsidy estimated at about £5,000,000 a month.

Mr. Hodges, in his simplicity, foolishly calls this a "subsidy" and of course everybody is against "subsidies" and Mr. Hodges's case is lost almost before it is stated.

But this, after all, is a minor point, and the fight is really so big that ordinary details of strategy seem to lose their importance. There are 707 members of the House of Commons, of whom 361 belong to the Federation of British Industries—the great labour-smashing organization which is behind the mine-owners in this controversy. These men believe that this is the ideal time for a fight, that to wait any longer means playing into the hands of the Bolsheviks. A London banker assured me yesterday that "the City" stands solidly behind Mr. Lloyd George at this time.

In short, the employers and the Government are both tremendously ready. For the first time, I suspect, since the Gordon riots (*vide* your "Barnaby Rudge"), the English mob is going to get some good, hard-boiled "American" treatment; it is going to get what the clubs on Pall Mall and Piccadilly have dreamed about for years. I live on a quiet square, in the quietest of neighbourhoods, but I see soldiers everywhere. Great camp kitchens—long processions of them—keep rolling through the city from the Woolwich Arsenal, bound for the collieries. Motor-lorries, of course, are buzzing around. The papers tell us that more than 600,000 men will be under arms before Saturday night. I can believe them. All this, of course, is eating up public funds at a rate that makes the proposed "subsidy" a mere bagatelle, but the "governing classes" everywhere can always find money when there is a moral principle at stake.

The real tragedy, however, lies elsewhere. It lies in the fact that the leaders of organized labour are not fighters—at least in the American sense—and never were. It is the fashion over here to "guy" Americans about our Mr. Samuel Gompers. To the socially enlightened English, he is the last word in our characteristic national in-

eptitude. But sometimes I wonder. He is pretty bad, but he has never "thrown" a fight for the sake of a seat in Congress, as this fight is likely to be thrown. I devoutly hope that Mr. Gompers is the last of his sort, but that is no argument for having him succeeded by a J. H. Thomas.

How much education will this clash accomplish? It is hard to tell. My impassive charwoman surprised me to-day by telling me that "England will be very different after the strike." She was vague, but hopeful. But is there much of this under the surface? I am inclined to doubt it. In general people seem to think that the coal-miners are the amateur theologians of England, with more impassioned views on infant damnation and the Beast in the Apocalypse than on anything else. If so, I see where this "revolution" defies our powers of description! I am, etc.,

London, England.

CHARLES T. HALLINAN.

## MISCELLANY.

SOME years ago Mr. Edison put on the market an attempt to synchronize the phonographic record of the voice with the moving picture of the speaker. Shakespeare, who seems fated to bear the brunt of all dramatic experiments, was thus tortured in various "selected" scenes. I recall sitting through one of these nightmarish performances: the scene, I think, was from "The Merchant of Venice," and I seem to remember Shylock expressing his opinion of Antonio: "How like a fawning publican he looks," said the phonograph, at the lower edge of the screen, while the lips and gestures of the actor were clearly saying, "He hates our sacred nation, and he rails . . ." The effect was harrowing, and Mr. Edison, recognizing his failure, withdrew the experiment. I am told that he has since perfected his invention, although he has not seen fit to put it again before the public. But the problem, being primarily one of mechanics, seems to have appealed to Yankee ingenuity, and others than Mr. Edison have since taken it up. By the merest chance the other evening I happened to be present at a private presentation of the "talking pictures" from Mr. D. W. Griffith's studio which were shortly to be shown at the Town Hall. In these pictures the synchronization of voice and lip-motion was perfect, producing a strong illusion of speech. I was told that features and voice were recorded simultaneously, and that through some mysterious electrical means of control it was made impossible for them not to synchronize.

It was all very interesting. A ship's captain, garbed in oil-skins, sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" in a low bass voice which actually seemed to issue from the pictured lips. A moving picture of Mr. Walter Damrosch told an amusing story. Then an ancient Roman clad in leopard skins rendered "Spartacus to the Gladiators." Many other people, speakers and singers, appeared before us on the screen, and their voices came, in perfect synchronization, from the faithful talking machine at its lower edge. It was a mechanical triumph, there was no doubt of that, an amazing "stunt." As I looked and listened it came upon me that here was a powerful new weapon for propaganda. Think with what deadly effect it will be used in our political campaigns of the future. The dwellers of the smallest jerkwater town will behold actually speaking likenesses of the candidates, and although recent experience teaches us that such a thing might not always be desirable, still the talking picture will doubtless be used in this way, and on the whole with devastating results.

At its present state of development one would hardly think that the device could ever be used successfully in presenting picture-drama. The examples shown the other evening were all "close-ups," and apparently the voice, in order to record well, must be kept decidedly *forte*. If several actors were to appear on the scene at the same time it would seem that they would be obliged to play their parts all huddled together, if their voices were to be recorded. That at any rate was my impression, but I am



no initiate into the mysteries of the studio; for all I know, ways may have been found already of overcoming what seem to be obstacles to a successful speaking-picture drama. Yet if these obstacles can be overcome I can see no good reason why they should be. An attempt to introduce the voice into screen-drama would seem to be a tacit admission on the part of moving-picture producers that their product, as an independent form of art, was a failure; that they had not been able to make its freedom from the mechanical restrictions of the speaking stage compensate for the loss of the voice and personal presence of the actor. Indeed it is true that they have so failed, and their consciousness of failure may be the explanation of the appearance of the talking picture.

THE trouble is, it seems to me, that there has been no American producer with enough imagination—or courage—to explore the possibilities of the moving picture as an independent art-form. Our producers have contented themselves, on the whole, with merely aping the spoken drama. Their medium has made it possible, of course, to use real instead of painted outdoor settings, to present the "off-stage" portions of the play, and to present mass-scenes, such as mobs or battles, as they can not possibly be represented on the speaking stage. But these practices show no imaginative departure from the spoken drama. Broadway successes—both plays and actors—are inevitably transferred to the films; indeed I am told that Broadway and the films work together so closely that plays are sometimes presented on the stage solely with a view to enhancing their advertising value on the screen. While the film-drama thus plays the sedulous ape to the spoken drama, standing in the same relation to it as a black-and-white print of a painting by Rubens would stand to the original, the speaking picture-drama is a logical next step—an attempt to bring the imitation a little nearer to the thing imitated.

As I sat before these talking celluloids of Mr. Griffith's, I thought of the German film "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and of the sharp contrast between the German and the American development in the world of the screen, arising from a total difference in conception of the legitimate purpose of the films. The American development seems to be moving towards the speaking stage, the German development to be moving in the opposite direction. The German producers of "Caligari" seem bent upon investigating the possibilities of the moving picture as a distinct art-form. They have used its freedom from mechanical restrictions and its enormous possibilities for the creation of illusion, to present a picture which is as far removed from the speaking stage, or indeed, from the world as we know it, as dreams are removed from our waking experience. The producers of "Dr. Caligari" have succeeded in creating, from paint and cardboard, settings which actually seem to live and move, and to express human moods and feelings. Take for instance, the prison-cell. It bore not the slightest likeness to reality; yet all those lines, bearing in upon the imprisoned figure, suggested everything that one feels about prisons and their effect upon the human soul. The actors had fitted themselves perfectly into the pictured settings and the whole effect was as strange and other-worldly, as far removed from the speaking stage as it is possible to imagine, and entirely justifiable *per se*.

BOTH these developments show fertile imagination, but the American imagination manifests itself in a mechanical, the German in an artistic direction. The American who has perfected the talking picture, if his device should come to be used in film-drama, will have deprived the moving picture in this country of any save commercial reasons to exist. The only excuse for presenting talking pictures instead of flesh-and-blood actors would be that it might be done more cheaply. The German producers of "Dr. Caligari" on the other hand, have validated the claim of the moving picture to be reckoned among the arts, and have opened up a long vista of possibilities for

its future development. It is now left to the American people to choose which of these two tendencies they will support. If they demand art from the American producer, he must find artists to help him give them what they demand. The public, so I am told, has so far been somewhat cool to "Dr. Caligari." Will they, I wonder, grow enthusiastic over these mechanical talking photographs and demand to be given drama declaimed into one machine and "registered" by another? I wish I could feel more confident that they will not.

ON looking through the list of the freemen of the city of New York a few days ago, I discovered that the distinction has been conferred on a surprisingly small number of persons, considering that this is a country where titular honours are pretty easy. Only ninety-five persons have been appointed to sustain this dignity since 1702; and nearly half the list is made up of Colonial Governors and other officials of the Colonial service. The roster does not contain as many distinguished names as one might expect. Only one President is listed as such, and that one, rather oddly, is Andrew Johnson. Washington, Jackson and Taylor are listed as Generals, and van Buren as Governor. The Prince of Wales appears, sandwiched in between the king of the Belgians and Archbishop Mannix! His grandfather, Edward VII, it seems, did not obtain the distinction when in his early days he came here under the name of Baron Renfrew. The only journalist in the list is Thurlow Weed. The names of two volunteer firemen appear, Duncan Brown and John Everts, who seem to have distinguished themselves in 1746; and the only woman on the list is Mrs. Muriel MacSwiney, the widow of the late Lord Mayor of Cork.

JOURNEYMAN.

## THE THEATRE.

### THE GERMAN "INVASION."

THREE moving pictures "made in Germany" have recently been exhibited in this country, and it is said that about twenty more have been purchased, and are now awaiting projection. Naturally, this constitutes an "invasion," since America produces only between twenty-five and fifty new pictures every week. In a true sense, however, it is an invasion, because the three films already exhibited have been widely recognized, even by the one hundred per cent American crowds, as the most interesting, stimulating, imaginative and artistically intelligent movies seen in many a long day. If you have not already read of the result, you must by now have guessed it. Yes, it is printed in the public sheets that the American moving-picture industry is about to advance in serried ranks on Washington, and there demand of Congress assembled the protection of a tariff. Whether this action will disclose the essential character of a tariff, or the essential character of the American moving-picture industry, or both, the intelligent reader can decide for himself.

The facts are that one of the German films lately shown to us in New York, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," was photographed entirely in or against constructed scenery, and scenery so designed that it intensified the atmosphere of the story, an atmosphere of distorted, insane fancy and macabre horror; and the other two films were historical stories (one about Du Barry, called—in English—"Passion," the other about Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, called—also in English—"Deception"), which were photographed much as our pictures are, but on the whole far better acted, historically more nearly correct, and dramatically infinitely superior. "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," with its cubistic scenery, seems to have been something of a popular failure. The other two pictures are enormously successful. The superiority of the acting in these pictures, their ability to tell a story by the legitimate means of pantomime rather than through the medium of endless subtitles, their living, vivacious crowds, in short their all around existence, have completely captured the American public.



But all three pictures show plainly enough that the vast superiority of the German stage before the war, in its mechanical equipment, its imaginative use of this equipment, and its method of organization, has been duplicated in the German cinematograph studios. As there was in every German theatre a director of ability, who was master of all departments of the stage, so there is evidently in every German moving-picture studio a director who is master of all departments there, and equally with his cousin of the spoken drama, holds all the reins, impresses his vision on a production, and, above all, has behind him a tradition and an ambition to extract to the full from his medium its imaginative appeal, its artistic values. He produces to please himself, not to please a supposed composite of shopgirl and shopper. Moreover, the German studios can and do draw directly on the theatre. In German cities, for instance, where a good theatre exists, there also exists a considerable body of men and women regularly trained as supers. It is they who make these German movie-mobs so wonderfully alive. From Mr. Max Reinhardt to the supers, the German theatre can contribute, in ideas, mechanical equipment, artists, above all in artistic vision, directly to the screen.

All of which is to say that in Germany at present they can produce far better moving pictures than we have yet given the slightest indication of being able to do, and if that does not prove to any sensible person that we ought to have a prohibitive tariff, then he's a traitor, and there's nothing more to be said.

In the newspaper accounts of the threatened descent upon Washington, it is stated that there are 60,000 men and women in this country engaged in making movies—a vast proportion of them, no doubt, actors. It is they who will lead the demand. Shall the bread be taken out of their mouths? Or shall they be forced into making pictures better than the Germans, in order to compete successfully? (The writer hastens to add that the latter suggestion is his, not theirs.)

Well, after all, 60,000 men and women play-acting in front of cameras, or turning the cranks of those cameras, are not so many, in comparison with 100,000,000 men, women and children, who go to the movies, and who, incidentally, need bread also, which is sown in the ground and harvested therefrom by human hands, and who need badly new houses to live in, and various other things that are not to be produced without human labour. If better moving pictures can be produced in Germany, Heaven knows we ought to have them, to counteract the fearful deadening and cheapening of taste that is resulting in this country from constant attendance at our own product. If some few, or even if all, of the 60,000 Mack Sennett bathing beauties and other movie-players now adorning the beaches of Southern California are thus forced into clothes and more useful occupations, who, after all, cares? "The huge Pacific seas" will still boom in upon the beaches of Los Angeles, and we shall still go on worrying about the h. c. of l., and there will remain through one or two rainy seasons some unsightly lath and plaster ruins of vast Egyptian temples in the California foothills, and those few people who can afford it will be able to secure extra domestic servants, and it will be a bit less of an intellectual dishonour to be caught in a moving-picture theatre, and the world will roll on. . . .

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

P. S. Later returns disclose the interesting fact that the actual producers of the American films (i. e., the men who put up the money), are hastening to reassure the 60,000 actors that maybe a tariff will not be needed after all. You see, these producers now sell a vast mileage of American celluloid in foreign parts. Suppose that other countries should put a prohibitive tariff on *our* movies! Reciprocity is now the cry; and, as usual, not a word about the poor public, who apparently want nothing at all but to see the best pictures they can—and in these hard times they do not seem to want even that very hard.

## A LETTER TO THE EDITORS.

### DIRECT ACTION.

SIRS: I have been reading very carefully Mr. Pinchot's letter on direct action in your issue of 20 April, and I confess that I can not conceive how your correspondent can have been led into so many confusions on the subject. Direct action, he defines as "the forcing of a solution of public problems by the method of the industrial strike or the boycott, usually the former. That is the accepted meaning of direct action all over the world." This will be strange news to those who remember the methods adopted by the English Commons in the long fight between King and Parliament. Neither the industrial strike nor the boycott had been heard of in the days of King John, Richard II, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, the Stuarts; yet these royalties and the politicians who upheld them were all brought to terms by the putting into action of the principle of redress of grievance before supply. In our own day, there have been the English nonconformists who in 1902 refused to pay their local taxes because they objected to paying for sectarian education. These dissenters, both men and women, went by the name of passive resisters; and summonses for nonpayment of taxes were issued against tens of thousands of them. Here was no industrial strike or boycott. To take another and more recent reference to a form of direct action that distinctly does not come within your correspondent's definition, only a few weeks ago the London *Times* protested against the granting of money to the British Government for the Mesopotamian and Syrian Mandates.

If we must fight over again [said the *Times*] the old fight of freedom, we shall do it drastically. Once the Crown disputed and denied our liberties. The Crown was beaten. Now the executive seeks to wrest from Parliament power and the purse—seeks to despoil the taxpayers in defiance of the authority of Parliament. Heavy estimates are submitted after the money has been spent. Individual members place huge financial obligations upon the country without consulting anybody, and the executive frequently flouts the representatives of the people. We are confronted with an issue not raised before in so direct a form since the time of Cromwell.

I venture to think that if this matter of the mandates develops, Mr. Pinchot will not find the *Times* suggesting the industrial strike or boycott as a means of coercing the British Government. It will be well content to suggest direct action, along the constitutional line of demanding the redress of grievance before granting supply.

Like Mr. Pinchot, I am an assiduous reader of your editorial pages, but apparently I differ widely from him in my interpretation of what I read therein. It seems to me that Mr. Pinchot is under the impression that whenever you have pointed out any manifestation of industrial direct action or industrial boycott you have done so with a view to impressing your readers with the "efficacy" of that procedure; but for my part I have always thought your main purpose was to cite these cases merely as concrete instances of loss of faith on the part of industrialists in political government; and as showing that they are beginning to seek other means of righting their wrongs. In his reading of what you have written on this subject I can not help feeling that Mr. Pinchot has sometimes forgotten the basic principle, indeed the essential principle to all thinking on this subject, namely: the redress of grievance before supply. Thus it seems to me that in your issue of 28 July you have dealt with every point raised by Mr. Pinchot in his recent letter. Indeed I venture to doubt whether the letter would have been written if Mr. Pinchot had completed the paragraph from which he quotes:

One rather wonders why American labour does not profit by British experience and begin where British labour now is, rather than drag on over the same path which British labour has so abundantly demonstrated to lead nowhere. No wars can be fought, no conquests established and maintained, no imperialist foreign policies laid down, no exploitations effected, unless with the concurrence of labour and of capital, and if either labour or capital or both decline to concur, there is a summary end of the matter.

It is always, as you say, "with the concurrence of labour and of capital" that economic and political injustice live at all, and you clinch this truism a few lines farther on where you say: "It can be put down as a postulate that labour like capital will be exploited by any political organization to the precise degree that it permits itself to be exploited."

May I suggest to your correspondent that he should turn to your first editorial in that same issue entitled, "The Root of the Matter" which deals with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's treatise on the necessity of taking economic rent before political change can be effective in any positive way. In this editorial you say:

Week in and week out this paper has been harping on the one fundamental truth that you can not possibly beat the law of rent,



This fact most unceremoniously takes the ground out from under orthodox trades-unionism, out from under all the projects for the 'democratization' or the 'socialization' of industry, and the only reason why it does not take the ground out from under our current quasi-political liberalism is that there was never any real ground there, but only the apparent ground of a helpless and incurious sentimentalism. Trades-unionism may get all the wages in the world; the Brass Button Brigade may develop all the 'technique of organization' they can think of; the socializers may socialize and the democratizers of industry may democratize until the cows come home; the liberals may hopefully fiddle with political placebos; but it all comes simply to so much more provender for the insatiable maw of economic rent. Well, then, this paper has always said get rid of the private monopoly of economic rent and we are cordially with you. Confiscate economic rent and then we will turn in and help you democratize and socialize and work up a technique of organization to your heart's content; unless, indeed, as we think, when economic rent is once confiscated, all those things will very largely settle themselves. But why in the name of logic and common sense, should we or anyone else sweat blood over wages, hours, conditions of labour, housing, socialization, the Plumb plan, or what not, merely to have a private monopoly of economic rent step in and cabbage all the benefits?

Mr. Pinchot seems to be labouring under the strange delusion that you regard spasmodic strikes and local boycotts as effectual methods of obtaining redress of grievance before supply; but so far as I can trace in your columns, there is not a single instance of your advocating an industrial strike for higher nominal wages or fewer working-hours, or for the purpose of intimidating government. All that I can find in your references to these matters is a hint concerning their educative value. That you do not advocate the industrial strike as a means of obtaining economic justice, or indeed of procuring redress of grievances before supply, seems to me obvious from the editorial called "Illusions of the Landless," in your issue of 22 September. In this article you deal with the industrial disturbances in Northern Italy at the time when many of the workers took over the factories, and you say:

Here is another case of industrial revolution apparently doomed to defeat, because it is begun at the wrong end of the economic scale. The Italian industrial revolution will almost surely end disastrously; and those who will be hit hardest will be the workers themselves, for they have done just what the French did on several occasions, and what the Russians also did.

The closing paragraph of the same article should convince Mr. Pinchot that he has not given just consideration to views that you have expressed. You say:

Neither political nor industrial reforms will give freedom to the people. What did political reform do for France? What has it done for England? What did the most highly specialized developments of paternalism do for Germany? There is only one thing to be done first, and this is to re-impropriate the mass of the people upon the soil by the confiscation of economic rent. Mere haphazard and superficial revolutionary activity, whatever its collateral value—and it is bound to be relatively slight—is sterile. Henry George said: 'Social reform is not to be secured by noise and shouting, by complaints and denunciation, by the formation of parties or the making of revolutions, but by the awakening of thought and the progress of ideas. Until there be correct thought there can not be right action, and when there is correct thought right action will follow.' Perhaps the Italian industrial revolution will provide a salutary illustration of this great truth, no matter what apparent benefit may accrue to the workers in the terms they make with the employers. Only apparent they will be, no matter how impressively the revolution may end, for whatever the power wielded by Italian labour, it will be found that a greater power is silently, constantly, at work frustrating labour's efforts and hopes, and this power is the landlord's.

In criticizing your editorial in the *Freeman* of 27 October Mr. Pinchot says you have "advocated the strike as a means of bringing about the single tax and free trade." I find it difficult to understand how Mr. Pinchot can have so completely misread your plain English. Does not this particular article reveal the utter futility of the action that Mr. Pinchot says you advocate? Indeed I would go farther and say that this article seems to me to be a very effective reply to what seem to be Mr. Pinchot's ideas of political action; thus—if I may venture on another long quotation—

Every item of the labour-programme was made the subject of political trade and deal. The thing to be noticed is that none of these compromises, socialist palliatives—nothing in the whole programme of British trade-unionism as expressed through politics—has ever made, or could ever make, or was really ever intended to make any change whatever in the existing economic system. That is the reason why labour is always dished. The function of politics is to preserve the existing economic system and just so long as labour contemplates political action or any organic connexion with politics, or in any way takes the State into account, so long will labour continue to be dished. Has not Italian labour already found this out? British labour is too purblind, American labour too inexperienced to be aware of this awkward fact, but the realization is bound to come sooner or later, for there is not a single practical project of trade-unionism or guild-socialism now afoot that implies an actual change in the existing economic system. It is indeed surprising that British and American employers do not see that the cheapest and easiest way to meet the present demands of organized labour for the democratization of industry, would be to say, 'Go ahead—just help yourselves and we will take a holiday and look on.' In the quotation that Mr. Pinchot has taken from that article, you emphasize the necessity of labour becoming "economically-

mind," and the article taken as a whole seems to me to be a severe stricture upon any action labour may take before it becomes economically-minded. Let me here, however, concede a point to Mr. Pinchot. You do indeed appear to suggest direct action in the sense of an industrial strike in the passage he quotes, but surely that was in your ironical vein, for I take it to be the bed-rock of your philosophy that when labour is economically-minded it will require no overt action on its part to abolish economic injustice; indeed it is very much to be doubted whether it will be necessary for labour to go so far as withholding supply in order to obtain redress of grievance. When labour is economically-minded there will be little work for politicians; when, indeed, the economic means no longer subjects itself to the exploitation of the political means, political institutions will have lost their calling. Meantime, sirs, I trust that the *Freeman* will continue to remind its readers that "until there be correct thought, there can not be right action, and when there is correct thought, right action will follow." I am, etc.,  
Chicago, Illinois.

RICHARD CLAUGHTON.

## BOOKS.

### THE SHORT STORY AS POETRY.

THERE are, I suppose, as many views of the proper method of short story writing as there are reviewers—a fatuous comment, which will serve, none the less, to remind us that ultimately, in the case of the extremely brilliant writer or the extremely bad one, it will not first of all be his method which attracts or repels, feeds us or starves us, but his sensibility. We may, and should, on second thought hold off at arm's length the method for a cooler inspection; but without the sort of sensibility—and by sensibility we mean pretty nearly everything!—which from the very outset "feeds" us, the unhappy author will never have persuaded us to that second thought. Of course it is possible that we shall then find ourselves somewhat tricked—we may believe ourselves to have dined more heartily than is, in fact, the case, so glittering is the array of dishes, so brilliant the silver, so aromatic the very air; our inspection of method, our cooler survey, may discover to us that our fare has been more spicy than substantial.

This is perhaps not wholly fair as a prelude to the discussion of Miss Katherine Mansfield's short stories.<sup>1</sup> Miss Mansfield is brilliant—she has, more conspicuously than any contemporary writer of fiction one calls to mind, a fine, an infinitely inquisitive sensibility; a sensibility indefatigably young which finds itself in the service of a mind often cynical, sometimes cruel, and always sophisticated. One has not read a page of Miss Mansfield's book before one has said "Chekhov": but one has not read two pages before Chekhov is forgotten. What provokes one to say "Chekhov" is the fact that almost alone among writers of fiction in England and America Miss Mansfield has followed Chekhov in choosing to regard—in being compelled to regard?—the short story "form" not as the means to the telling of a tale, and not always or wholly as the means for the "lighting" of a single human character, but rather as the means for the presentation of a "quintessence," a summation of a human life or group of lives in the single significant "scene" or situation or episode; and, by implication, the illumination, thus, against a sombre background (the sombreness being given by absence of values, in the objective world; absence of express concern on the part of the author) of life itself. This, one observes, is the method of poetry: in the hands of Chekhov it becomes, according to his theme, either epic or lyric.

Miss Mansfield's range is more restricted. She takes a single treble octave of Chekhov's piano and finds in

<sup>1</sup> "Bliss, and Other Stories." Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.



it the most exquisite of melodies. Such stories as "Escape," "Sun and Moon," "Prelude," "The Man Without a Temperament" are, of their kind, perfect. They are not Chekhov—what has happened is merely that Chekhov has revealed to Miss Mansfield her genius for a kind of short narrative poem in prose, a narrative lyric. One must emphasize the kinship with poetry, because it is clear that in Miss Mansfield's prose, when it is at its best, there are more subconscious compulsions at work, shaping and selecting and colouring, than we expect to find at the bottom of "ordinary" prose: they lend it a shimmer and iridescence, a chromatic vividness (the vividness of dream rather than the vividness of life) which apprise us that we are in the presence of work not so much "calculated" as happily, and with the deepest of intensity, improvised. Miss Mansfield has learnt of Chekhov the kind of effect to aim at; and with this and her theme in mind she has but to close her eyes and listen to the song of sensibility, a sensibility intense to the point of febrility, ecstatically aware of texture and hue, magnificently responsive, most of all, to the *sound* of life, to the rhythms, leisurely or staccato, of street-sounds and house-sounds, to the auditory rhythms, again, which constitute pattern and a hallucinated vividness in certain states of mind, and, lastly, to those minute inflections of the human voice which most reveal themselves as the unconscious overtones of emotion.

But the "compulsory" method is limiting. Can one always properly employ a "hallucinated vividness" of style? It is exquisitely appropriate in a description of the dreamlike consciousness of a child; in "Sun and Moon" and in parts of "Prelude," it gives us a sharp beauty which we can only match in "The Crushed Flower." It is appropriate, again, in a description of the feverish hyperæsthesia of a neurotic young woman—there are several such in Miss Mansfield's book. To these necessities her subconscious most richly responds. Elsewhere, where it responds less fully, Miss Mansfield resorts to cleverness, esurient humour, or even, as in the termination of "Bliss," to the trickery of surprise: the story should have ended indecisively. Here, we feel, the poetry has escaped, as also in "Feuille d'Album," and in the comparative triviality of "Psychology," or "A Dill Pickle." These stories are highly diverting, are clever; but it is to that miraculous apocalyptic tree in "Escape" that we turn back, as to beauty itself, and to the motionless aloe, or the elfish medicine bottles, in "Prelude." Here we have poetry—a magical evocation of mood, and, through mood, of character. This is the finest of Miss Mansfield's gifts, and the one upon which, in the future, we should most like to see her consciously build.

CONRAD AIKEN.

### THE BON DIEU OF M. JAMMES.

PRIAPUS at eighty-five, except for an occasional rheumatic complaint and the necessity of watching what he ate, might be expected to lead a very mellow life, sweetened by the reminiscence of his own follies. He could be visited, by those who were interested, in his pleasant little cabin on a hillside, a cabin situated in the midst of a soft, orderly lawn. Although by now quite complacent in his senescence, he would probably maintain a lingering interest in delicate young women, so that it would give him great contentment to pat them reassuringly on the shoulder. This Priapus at eighty-five, with perhaps a little amber stain on his white beard near his lips, is the Bon Dieu of Francis Jammes.

But indeed M. Jammes's Bon Dieu is distressingly careless of his dignity, as witness this description of him

in the story "Paradise" which has been translated into English in the collection entitled "The Romance of the Rabbit":

The Bon Dieu had laid his hat and stick on the ground. He was garbed like the poor on the great highways, those who have only a morsel of bread in their wallets, and whom the magistrates arrest at the town gates, and throw into prison, since they know not how to write their name.

With all suspicions Manichæism safely hidden away in the records of the universities, the Bon Dieu potters about in a creation of mild conveniences, always has a few moments to spare to listen to this complaint or that, and draws his pleasure from a reservoir of cosmic devotion. The cats, recognizing his leniency, do not even bother to obey him, but, on the other hand, what greater tribute is possible than that of the sage-plant: "And full of trust and serenity, without pride or humility, a sage-plant let its insignificant odour rise toward God."

The peculiar satisfaction which comes of a tour through M. Jammes's heaven is that it has been so carefully laid out. In "The Romance of the Rabbit," for instance, the scissors-grinder's dog will be found performing his task with vigour into eternity, an interesting readjustment of the Tantalus-Ixion-Sisyphus idea of the Greeks. Even though there is no knife for him to sharpen, he goes on turning the wheel, his eyes shining with "the unquestioning faith in a duty fulfilled." The wolves, too, have been carefully provided for:

At the summit of a treeless mountain, in the desolation of the wind, beneath a penetrating fog, they felt the voluptuous joy of martyrdom. They sustained themselves with their hunger. They experienced a bitter joy in feeling that they were abandoned, that never for more than an instant—and then only under the greatest suffering—had they been able to renounce their lust for blood.

Another great instance of the Bon Dieu's delicacy of feeling in such matters is the fact that, although the general rule is that humans must not enter the animals' heavens, young girls are permitted to play in the heaven of the birds.

Such a well-ordered heaven is also reflected in a well-ordered earth. M. Jammes understands the friendly attitude of his favourite arm-chair, he listens to the symbolic croaking of the frogs, he registers the humble smell of cow-dung, and when the mother of a dead boy offers him the dead boy's wagon, a flood of tenderness fills his heart: "I felt that this *thing* had lost its friend, its master, and that it was suffering." He is content with the almost primitive reaction of animating his inanimate surroundings, or of giving speech to the little animals so that they may speak exactly as men. His expression has an exceedingly limited diapason, but it is always accurate. He sees at once the clay road shaking with heat, the panorama of fields and farm-houses broken by the church-spire, and a little bunch of half-rotten leaves pulsing above a mouse. Through it all, his point of view is so astonishingly biased, so completely safe in its Ptolemaicism, so unquestioningly rooted in his almost cosmic assurance that the world is man's, that he can write like this to a truck-garden:

*Légumes du jardin!*

*dites-vous*

*qu'il est doux*

*attachés à vos rames*

*de mûrir doucement pour une sainte femme.*

It was Paul Clandel who restored M. Jammes to the faith—he has called himself a converted fawn; but even while maintaining a complete disdain for *le catholicisme des vieilles femmes*, he nevertheless expressed his theories in Catholic terms, as we may see in this paragraph from the *Mercur de France* of 1897, eight years before his conversion:

I think that the truth lies in the praise of God; that we must celebrate this in our poems, if they are to be pure; that there is only one school, a school where, like children who imitate as exactly as possible some model of beautiful hand-

<sup>1</sup> "The Romance of the Rabbit." Francis Jammes. New York: Nicholas L. Brown.



writing, the poets copy a lovely bird, a flower, or a young girl with charming ankles and graceful breasts.

In this peculiar mixture of Christianity and paganism there is manifest one of the richest and most productive tendencies of modern French literature.

KENNETH BURKE.

### LABOUR IN WAR-TIME.

A book that does with complete success what it sets out to do is a rare achievement in the economic field—or in any field for that matter, but scholarship, accuracy and patient workmanship have earned for Mr. Bing's study of "War-time Strikes and Their Adjustment" the right to this distinction. The industrial historian of a quarter century hence may safely regard this record as the definitive work on the agencies, methods, and results of war-time labour-adjustment in the United States.

Happily the book is something more than a record. It is an interpretation based on dispassionate analysis. That the resulting conclusions are, on the whole, in the liberal direction is thus a result less of Mr. Bing's convictions than of his following of the evidence. For the conclusion he reaches is favourable to trade unionism and to collective bargaining and to a continuance of the war labour-standards; and favourable, too, to an increased acknowledgment of public interest in industrial questions. He frankly records the shortcomings of both sides, but the reader is impressed by Mr. Bing's evidence that the aggressive policy of the unions as manifested in an unusually large number of war-time strikes was fundamentally conservative and constructive in its character—a fact which was due to the workers' desire to obtain fair terms of employment at a time when living costs were steadily rising, and the strain of meeting the demands for increased production was growing constantly greater.

In analysing the reason for the increase in strikes during the war-period, Mr. Bing gives proper emphasis to the unfortunate delay in the formation of the so-called Taft-Walsh Board which we are prone to forget was not organized until almost a year after this country's entrance into the war. The author properly calls attention to the fact that in those industries where formal collective dealings were early arranged and were carried on consistently and intelligently, the interruptions in work were fewest—indeed were negligible.

Highly significant are Mr. Bing's charts of the fluctuations of real and money wages in the war-industries, though one feels that the figures would have presented a clearer picture of the facts if, instead of hourly rates, actual earnings had been made the basis for reckoning. But even had these data been available, it is doubtful whether the results would have been any more favourable than they were in the case of those marine and railway workers where "monthly rates" were used. The fact is, of course, that apart from the unskilled worker, no group of workers bettered its condition during the war; on the contrary, the actual purchasing power of wages diminished.

Not the least service which this volume renders is its insistence, on the one hand, that peaceful adjustment of industrial disputes by arbitral agencies presupposes a body of national labour-policies and standards, and on the other, that even such standards are subject to revision and can not be too rigidly imposed because of the dynamic and expanding nature of the workers' demands. Mr. Bing looks back on the official war labour-policies with regret that they are no more. He would recall employers to such a self-consistent body of practices as those which were imposed nationally on the war-industries—the American standard of living as the basis for the minimum wage, the right to collective bargaining, the eight-hour day, equal pay for equal work, etc. With a gentle irony, he even reminds the National Manufacturers' Association that they endorsed these policies as recently as 1917.

If the public memory were not so short, Mr. Bing's concluding chapter might have less force and point. As it is, with the open-shop campaign in full swing, his reminders, warnings and prophecies are of considerable value, and they have the greater effect for being soberly said after a scrupulously fair exposition of those conditions which contributed to the success of a conciliatory policy in industrial relations during the war. If a calm honesty of mind and a generous humanity of spirit will help to solve America's vexing labour-problems, this book promises to do its share.

ORDWAY TEAD.

### WASTE AND ILLUSION.

VERNON LEE is the Ibsen of the essay. In "Satan the Waster," she makes those select ideals—which the readers of liberal journals and the advocates of liberal opinion deem worthy of their high consideration—seem no better than they should be. Patriotism, Sacrifice, Service, the Future—she shows them all as having the inbred's inferiority. Like Ibsen she leaves us something fundamental to rebuild from. Fundamentally, there is love—not necessarily the love that is a reflection of a divine idea; not necessarily the love that "moves gentle hearts," but the love that tinges the daily lives of all of us; the love that we have for the men and women and children whom we know; the love that the humblest of us have for the things that our hands touch—the tool that a man uses, the room that a woman sweeps. This love is the beginning of that sense of otherness that all the great teachers have appealed to, and without that sense we make a division in Reality:

Reality is not merely *here* and *now*. It stretches out in space and time. It unrolls in several dimensions; you walk out of one part thereof into another. . . . Even more than individuals, nations have many sides, too many for us to see, especially to *feel* (for they affect our feelings differently) at the same moment; too many sides for us to check off against one another, so much to the debit side, so much to the credit, and so much as balance. Being at war makes all nations turn inwards, towards their own members and partisans, those sides which are admirable, pathetic or at least sympathetic; while facing the enemy-countries with only brutality, graspingness and double-dealing.

Satan, in Vernon Lee's mythology, is eternally alien to the love which brings with it the sense of otherness. He is "The Waster of Human Virtue," and the master-stroke of the arch-angelic policy is in bringing over the goodness that is in men—their heroism, their pity, their indignation, to the side of the power that wastes.

The philosophic drama that supplies the title to Vernon Lee's trilogy is somewhat briefer than the essay parts of the volume—the introduction, the notes to the prologue, the notes to the ballet. Some one told Vernon Lee that the drama does not require the notes: her reply is that the notes require the drama; her drama, that is to say, is the conflagration of her philosophy. As we read her philosophic chapters we are made to feel that the author of "Satan the Waster" is one of the few who had equipped themselves to confront and help us to confront the waste of the war and the intrusion of the mob-spirit that accompanied it. Vernon Lee appears to have been able to look into the abyss without reeling back to the mob. She is not a philosopher in the sense of originating a system. But she knows what the philosophers, the scientists and the psychologists have been teaching, and she has a thought of her own that is seasoned and clarified. She believes in civilization—not the civilization of the mass-production of material things, but the civilization that arises out of certain fundamental human decencies:

The world wants a social habit of certain kinds of behaviour, a habit organized by being collective and traditional, but perpetually questioned, checked, renovated, given a new lease of life by individual and reciprocal criticism. We want habits made easy and firm by automatism but at the same time accepted voluntarily and with benefit of inventory and running the gauntlet of conscious criticism.

<sup>1</sup>"War-Time Strikes and Their Adjustment." Alexander M. Bing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

<sup>2</sup>"Satan the Waster: A Philosophic War Trilogy." With notes and an introduction. Vernon Lee. New York: John Lane Company.



"The Ballet of the Nations" with its splendid prologue and its ordinary epilogue makes the philosophic trilogy. Compared with M. Romain Rolland's "Liluli," "Satan the Waster" is not a real play. It could not be represented (except by puppets, perhaps, or by a moving picture helped out by a rhapsodist), not because it is too vast, but because it is not full enough of those picturesque confrontations which we name action in a play. Yet the central conception is bigger, more impressive, more philosophical than the central conception of "Liluli." The power of evil is interpreted anew; Satan is shown as having a different rôle from the Satan of Job and Faust. He is the lessee of the Theatre of the World, where, under the direction of the Ballet-Master, Death, the Ballet of the Nations is given. Satan has arranged the show, and the bodiless Ages-to-Come are permitted to look on the spectacle. To Clio, the muse of history, he discloses his function:

Satan can not love, anyone or anything. Satan's only manner of possessing (but he has fashioned half mankind in his own jealous image), is to deny delight or use to others. For him the sense of power comes not in making, understanding, or living, but only in spoiling. . . . *I am the power that Wastes.* Being unable to use, I render useless; taking no pleasure in fruition, I smite with barrenness. And the more precious, rare and sorely needed, the more I waste whatever it may be: earth and time's opportunities of joy and betterment; man's life; man's labour and man's thought. But most of all man's goodness. So Satan's truest name might be: The Waster of Human Virtue.

Stated psychologically, the waste that Satan stands for is the turning away from preference, from purpose, on the part of mankind or on the part of the individual. This Satan is one that moderns may believe in; this Satan is impressive. The Ballet-Master, too, is impressive. He is not the immortal, the virginal Death that from the beginning has been the companion of Life. His real name is Horror. Moreover, he is getting old and feeble, and Satan realizes that a term has been put to his existence. At the end of the greatest of his ballets, Death sinks down exhausted, and Heroism, the blind youth who has gone side by side with him, is overcome with horror to find corruption and filth on the hands that have touched this Death—and this is the memorable ending of the ballet.

Vernon Lee gives us, not dramatic action, but impressive images—Satan brooding in his encroached-upon piece of primeval darkness; the collapse of the Ballet-Master; Heroism's discovery of the corruption upon his hands; Pity and Indignation dashing upon the stage to revive the ballet that was about to come to a premature end.

The holy pair required no instruments. Pity merely sobbed and her sobs were like the welling-up notes of many harps, drowning the soul in tender madness. But Indignation hissed and roared like a burning granary when the sparks crackle as they fly into the ripe, standing harvest, and the flames wave scores of feet high in the blast of their own making.

M. Rolland's conception of Liluli is not as impressive or as philosophical as Vernon Lee's conception of Satan as the Waster of Human Virtue. For who is this Liluli, and to what does she owe her existence? She is Illusion:

Suffer, die, ye who loved me. Poor fools, it is your delight. Men do not know how to enjoy life simply, just as it is. I have to crucify them, my lovers. . . . Come, then, all of you, little children! I am Illusion, I am Dream! Whoever loses wins! Whoever would win me, let him lose himself.

Liluli, then, represents the turning away from what Vernon Lee has spoken of: "Mankind's only efficacious helper, the harsh, responsive Reality of things." But this conception does not supply the play with an inner force. Some one else besides Liluli has supplied the armaments and has brought on the Fat Men, the Diplomats and Master-God. We suspect a double action; the train that leads to the destructiveness has been set by an unshown hand.

But while Vernon Lee gives us only abstractions and principles, M. Rolland contrives to give us a warm and

rich humanity; while she gives us a scenario for a play he gives us a play that is coloured and even amusing. Even his abstractions become delightful. Polichinello the mocker, with his salty speech, who escapes from Liluli, who remains unmoved by the progress of the terrific Goddess Llop'ih (Opinion) who shrugs away the advances of Chirridi (Truth), and who is finally crushed by the downfall of all things, is a grand creation. We can not forget the figure of Master-God, who appears first as an Arab peddler, and who is able to make himself at home on both sides of the bridge. The figure of Truth, like Vernon Lee's figure of the Muse of History, helps us to make a new valuation. Truth is called Chirridi, Little Swallow Voice. She is a dark gypsy type, with flaming eyes, supple, quick, violent, who knows how to wield both tongue and knife. She appears with Master-God, but she is wild to make flight from her company. Polichinello, who is able to see through falsehoods, should have made a get-away with her:

I've had enough of them [she cries], I've had enough of all these old men, these kings, these priests, these ministers, these fat bourgeois, these diplomats, these deputies, these journalists, all these puppets, preachers, pot-boilers, these gods and dodderers! I've had enough, enough of slaving! I've had enough, enough of lying. . . . I want to live, sing, dance; I want to run and laugh. . . . My cousin, my ugly cousin, humped and crooked if you will, but free and merry, I like you better. Save me from them. They will come and shut me up, they'll come and cloister me, muzzle me, gird me with a belt of chastity. . . . Take me away with you! We'll go through the world laughing, telling folk the truth, tweaking their noses, opening closed eyes, unprisoning the immured, unswathing the bound, sending the spark of light into brains besmoked, breaking temples and thrones, and making the laughter of the starry sky shine through the torn darkness.

But Polichinello, like the great Polichinellos, like Erasmus and Voltaire, "the masters of free irony and laughter," makes the great refusal.

PADRAIC COLUM.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

As we can not have, in this country, the liberty which self-conscious beings ought to have, it might be well to curtail some of the liberties that are at present granted to the wrong sort of people; thus a Federal law forbidding people of commonplace and prejudiced minds from writing histories of literature could do only good. It would at least make impossible such a book as "The Skyline in English Literature," in which the art of letters is held up to American schoolboys and schoolgirls as a function—in the mathematical sense—of imperialism. What a poor, immature fool Keats must have been to speak of leaving great verse unto a little clan, if Messrs. Smith and Hathaway are right in their thesis that English literature is great because "Men of the Anglo-Celtic blood have differed from men of other races in that they have both eagerly 'sought out many inventions' and have more steadfastly held to that which is good. It is so that the English-speaking peoples have come to be in the forefront of the world, and that the literature in the English language is the greatest in the world." According to these authors, to confess that you do not like the poetry of Mr. Alfred Noyes is to declare yourself a pro-German, for they tell us that "by Americans no less than by Englishmen, except for those of pro-German sentiments, it has been widely read and enjoyed." Furthermore, this Anglo-American orthodoxy also requires one to admit that "probably Rudyard Kipling is the most important literary figure of this period, whether in England or the world." Although Mr. Bernard Shaw is spoken of, he is confused with the Frenchman who wrote "Candide." But this must not be taken to mean that our authors are prejudiced against Mr. Shaw, for in dealing with other writers they are equally indifferent to accuracy in titles and spelling and grammar. Nevertheless they are so completely at home in polite society that they can not imagine literary interest being found in any society that is not polite; hence, no doubt their judgment on Mr. Thomas Hardy: "It is remarkable that his stories have dealt with the activities of very simple people of a rural section of England, and yet have revealed in that setting the larger and more enduring problems of humanity." For those who do not agree with Messrs. Smith and Hathaway in these matters the outlook is indeed gloomy; they are in

<sup>1</sup>"Liluli." Romain Rolland. New York: Boni and Liveright.

<sup>2</sup>"The Skyline in English Literature." Lewis Worthington Smith and Esse V. Hathaway. New York: D. Appleton and Company.



danger of social ostracism, for, to quote our authors again, "These are the writers whom we are quite likely to meet in the talk of polite society, and acquaintance with them is not only an intellectual and literary, but also a social obligation."

L. J.

DR. LAY has approached his study of "Man's Unconscious Passion" with a desire to lay the foundations for a permanent, monogamic marriage. His thesis is "that conscious and unconscious passion have long been separated in quite a considerable number of civilized men and women" and that as a result of this divorce—due primarily to a parental fixation—marriage, in the sense of a closed and complete sexual relation, inherently attractive, is frequently undermined. Dr. Lay believes that with the psychological knowledge now available "a new kind of marriage is possible in which, because of scientifically understood human mating, there could be no thought on the man's part of infidelity to monogamic marriage." With due respect to the author's attempt to buttress up a formidable institution, it is impossible, however, to avoid the feeling that he has cooked up his case. It is not easy to understand how a liberated unconscious passion—liberated, that is, from a parental fixation—will by itself make for enduring sexual relationships: indeed Dr. Lay admits the weakness of relying solely on psychological knowledge when he says that "constancy" can be secured in many cases only by conscious control. This is to say that monogamic marriage rests upon the same basis upon which it has always rested—habituation and belief. A knowledge of the psychological hindrances to a permanently satisfactory union may make the road to monogamy a little easier, but it will not determine the choice of the road itself. Dr. Lay has over-simplified his problem by taking the road for granted.

L. M.

WHEN the average horse or cow is staked out in pasture, without doubt it accepts the situation philosophically, and disregards the geometric implications. Any schoolboy would be quick to observe that the length of the tether is the radius of a succulent circle, but the domestic beast finds the circumference rather by slow mastication than by rapid calculation. In the end, however, the limitations imposed by the rope compel recognition, and our hypothetical horse or cow, having touched the circumference at all points, meekly bows to the inevitable—which means the nibbling of the same grass, over and over. Something of this sort one regretfully observes has occurred with Mr. Irvin S. Cobb's humour. He, too, began with succulent grazing, only to be brought up short by the discovery that he was tethered by the rope of a million readers to the stake of the *Saturday Evening Post*. One finds him nowadays apparently well content to nibble the same old dried grasses of wit, though they have long ago lost most of their lush juices and flavour. Such is the thought with which one reads Mr. Cobb's latest book on farm-hunting and home-building.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Cobb seems to be enjoying the unearned increment of well-invested laughs. Even the laughs, however, are now so carefully padded by a kind of verbal excelsior that there is small risk of that explosive impact which produces merriment. By poking an easy fun at everything that his million readers look upon as "highbrow," Mr. Cobb attains to a superficial satire. Likewise, by a shrewd exploitation of his own personality, he conveys a certain human quality. But on the whole, Mr. Cobb seems to require a good deal of shuck for very little nubbins.

L. B.

DURING 1919 the Ukraine was devastated by pogroms. Scarcely a single Jewish community escaped at least one visitation of murder, outrage and looting. As a result, the Jewish population of southern Russia was reduced to a desperate condition. It is estimated that 120,000 men, women and children were slaughtered; and the survivors were decimated by hunger and disease. Basing his conclusions upon a mass of testimony, Dr. Heifetz gives a reasoned and objective analysis of the causes which led to this epidemic of mass savagery. The political situation in 1919 was peculiarly favourable to a regime of brigandage and terror. No strong central government existed. A three-cornered civil war was raging between the Soviet forces, the Ukrainian nationalists under General Petlura and the Russian reactionaries under General Denikin. At the same time independent bands, not affiliated with any of the contending factions, roamed over the country, murdering and pillaging indiscriminately. The author proves decisively that all the anti-Bolshevik leaders were guilty of in-

credible atrocities against the Jews. General Petlura sought to attract the ruffianly elements to his banner by denouncing "the Jewish commissars at Moscow." General Denikin believed in the restoration of monarchism; and pogroms had always been an integral part of the Tsarist regime. His troops were systematically encouraged to kill and rob the Jews in every town which they captured, and large quantities of anti-Semitic literature were openly put forth by his propaganda department. The Jews suffered equally at the hands of the bandit gangs who represented the direct economic interests of the Ukrainian village. The peasants wished first of all to seize the large estates and to hold the land free from rent and taxes, so they fought against the open reaction of General Denikin. They also wished to be free from requisitions for grain, so they opposed the Soviet power. Finally, the easiest way to get the manufactured goods that they desired was to go into the cities and indulge in pogroms. The Jewish urban population was generally without arms and was seldom able to offer effective resistance to the bandits, who were generally ex-soldiers who had carried home rifles and ammunition from the war. In the whole gloomy narrative there is only one redeeming note: the humanity invariably displayed by the Soviet Government. The Bolshevik troops, with rare exceptions, maintained perfect discipline in their relations with the Jews. It is generally admitted that the Soviet Government, by education and propaganda, and by stern measures when necessary, successfully combatted and repressed anti-Semitism in the districts under its control. Dr. Heifetz's book<sup>3</sup> deserves the widest possible audience: for it is a very fair, intelligent and comprehensive survey of a neglected phase of the Russian Revolution. It has an especially pertinent message for those Jews in this country who seek to demonstrate their Americanism by servile denunciations of the only Government in Europe which has consistently and vigorously repressed anti-Semitic manifestations, and has certainly saved hundreds of thousands of Ukrainian Jews from a miserable death.

W. H. C.

#### A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

How pleasant are those books of literary odds and ends that appear in such numbers in France, those miscellanies in which, at the end of the year, the journeyman of letters gathers together the happiest pages of his recent work, essays, reviews, snatches of dialogue, aphorisms, a few good paragraphs, jottings from a notebook, and puts them forth under some such title as "Promenades littéraires," "Epilogues," "Fragments intimes"! It would certainly be impertinent to speak of André Gide as a journeyman of letters: his work is too personal, his general ideas are at the same time too much his own. I am simply noting the first thought that comes into my mind as I glance through those two volumes of his, now fifteen or twenty years old, "Prétextes" and "Nouveaux Prétextes." My second is to ask why it is that André Gide himself is not more widely known. He is spoken of as "obscure" even in France. Of his work nothing, I think, has been translated into English but his recollections of Oscar Wilde (published in this country) and "Le Prométhée mal enchaîné," and the only study of him that I have seen is a brief essay by Edmund Gosse (virtually a long review of one of his novels). Think of the attention that Remy de Gourmont's writings have received of late years! But there is much that is accidental in these matters (and a degree of the intentional that is not always to the credit of the enthusiasts); besides, André Gide is far from prolific, far from pretentious, somewhat difficult in style, and a little "too Protestant" (his own phrase). One hears him described as Emersonian, a serious imputation in these days—but in what sense deserved? Does it go with the rumour that has reached us of his having appeared lately as an apologist for Dadaism? What chiefly strikes one in these two early books, still so well regarded that new editions of them were issued during the war, is the charming way in which he presents certain large, and perhaps largely traditional, ideas. Then, of course, they contain much of a personal interest, good talk, echoes of old and famous but still vital controversies, recollections of literary friends and the like.

<sup>2</sup> "Man's Unconscious Passion." Wilfrid Lay. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

<sup>3</sup> "The Abandoned Farmers." Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company.

<sup>1</sup> "The Slaughter of the Jews in the Ukraine in 1919." Elias Heifetz. New York: Thomas Seltzer.



If these personalia suggest anything it is at once the detachment of the French mind in controversy and the warm and affectionate bond that unites French men of letters in the natural piety of their craft. Take, for example, those beautiful pages on Mallarmé, who "had remained motionless outside of the world," who had "kept his work from life, which flowed round him as a river flows round the sides of a ship at anchor," whose writings have to be "penetrated intimately, slowly, step by step, as one enters the secret system of a Spinoza." It is not the cold picture of a saint of art that finally emerges from this brief sketch; one feels the emotion of a reverent homage, a filial emotion that sheds grace upon the profession of letters itself. Take again the diary entitled "The Death of Charles-Louis Philippe," which no one could have written in our tongue without striking a dozen false notes: the old peasant mother, "knowing who her son was," lamenting beside the bier, then the journey to the distant village, the little house where his father the cobbler worked, the room where Philippe had lived and written, the scene by the grave, the old neighbour discoursing, unaware of what people thought in Paris of this "good little fellow" who had had such a thirst for learning—is it not an image of the profound human solidarity that lies behind and gives its strength to the literary life in France? As for the controversies in which the author invites us to take part, the most vital to us, surely, is that concerning the *Déracinés*. Is it long since forgotten in France? But so is the controversy over Zolaism which still proves to be a living issue in this country whenever Mr. Dreiser publishes a new novel. With us none of these questions has ever been settled, because none of them has ever been systematically discussed. Whether the American writer should root himself in his native or his provincial soil or whether he should detach himself and become a citizen of the world is a question that is for ever rising up only to subside again. M. Gide's position is that, while to be rooted is an advantage to the weak, to be unrooted is an advantage to the strong; and he points out that if M. Barrès had not come to Paris himself, he would not have written the powerful book in which he counsels others to stay at home.

If this is not M. Gide's leading idea, it is at least an idea that recurs frequently in these two volumes. Intensely French as he is, he believes in subjecting oneself to the greatest number of influences, and that he has put his belief into practice we can see from the wide range of his reading, unusual in a French writer (Ibsen, Nietzsche, Dostoevsky, Keats, Hauptmann, Stevenson, Darwin, Max Stirner, etc.), the eagerness with which we find him welcoming an opportunity to lecture in Germany, his love of travel, his frank worship of the cosmopolitan Goethe. In his address "On Influence in Literature," delivered at Brussels, he discusses this idea with infinite ingenuity. While he points out that it is more by their limitations, their incomprehensions, than by anything else that we recognize the identity of great men, he shows that the great men have always been those who, like Goethe, have "allowed every created thing without distinction to act upon" them, who have had "only one care: to become as human as possible, even to become commonplace," and have thus, in the strictest sense, found their lives by losing them. So, also, the greatest epochs have been the most profoundly influenced epochs. As for the universal modern fear, the fear of losing one's personality, that leads so many contemporary writers to place their spirits on a regimen, to cherish their little identities and avoid influences—what poverty of soul, he exclaims, does it not reveal? "How many authors, how many artists," he says, "have no personality that would not be lost in the mass of humanity on the day when they consented to employ *who's* and *which's* as everybody else does!" His conclusion is that of Nietzsche: "To him that hath shall be given; from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Here again life is without pity for the weak. Is that a reason for fleeing from influences? No. But the weak will lose the little originality to which

they are able to lay claim. *So much the better.*" In other words, there is but one admirable rôle for him who has no inevitable personality, that of making a true career for himself by learning how to listen.

I SHOULD like to be able to mention some of the other bold ideas that especially distinguish the lectures "On the Importance of the Public" and "The Evolution of the Theatre." This, for example:

Art aspires to liberty only in its periods of sickness; it would like to be facile. Always when it feels vigorous it seeks the struggle and the obstacle. It likes to burst its bonds and therefore chooses to have them tight. Is it not in the periods when life is most exuberant that the need for the strictest forms torments the most deeply feeling geniuses? Consider the use of the sonnet in the luxuriant days of the Renaissance, in Shakespeare, in Ronsard, Petrarch, even Michelangelo, the use of *terza-rima* in Dante, Bach's love of the fugue, that uneasy need for the constraint of the fugue in the later works of Beethoven. . . . The great artist is he who exalts difficulty, to whom the obstacle serves as a springboard.

What concerns him at every point (and here we see that Goethe and Nietzsche are indeed his masters) is the development of the great man, the responsibilities of the great man and the power that literature has over life. "How many hidden Werthers did not know themselves and were waiting for the pistol-shot of Goethe's Werther in order to take their own lives! How many hidden heroes are waiting only for the example of the hero of a book, only for a spark of life escaping from his life in order to live, for his word in order to speak." Therefore it is for the playwright and the novelist to pass beyond realism, the realism which by spreading "the drab mantle of our customs" over the modern drama has condemned even Ibsen's most heroic figures to bankruptcy, and to become truly creative again, offering humanity new forms of heroism. If literature has such powers of awakening life, is not the responsibility of great men truly "terrible"?

Yes, but the paradox is that, immense as the consequences of his work must be, the writer is bound to regard it as an end in itself; that is where he differs from the propagandist. Let me quote in conclusion an amusing fragment of dialogue from M. Gide's "Chroniques de l'Ermitage":

"Then, in your opinion, the "master faculty" of the critic ought to be?" . . .

"Taste."

"I confess, dear sir, that your talk bewilders me. I fear that in these days you will find it meets with very little response."

"I fear so, too; but what's to be done about it? . . . Should I, when I speak, pay any attention to the echo my voice makes? . . . Nothing so falsifies the sound of one's voice, nothing more surely destroys one's liberty of thought. "To be able to think freely," says Renan somewhere, "one must be sure that what one writes will have no consequences."

"Do you admire that statement?"

"Profoundly."

"For my part, I see nothing but a paradox in it. Renan was the first to know very well that what he wrote "had consequences," with a vengeance."

"But it was not for the consequences that he contrived it. Everything lies in that."

"At least you grant that the work of art—and more particularly the written work—can have its results?"

"The most prolonged, the most interesting for everyone, the most serious; I even grant that the artist may foresee them; but to bend his thought for them: that is the great sin against the Spirit, which will never be pardoned."

"Then you refuse to consider the work of art otherwise than as an end in itself?"

"As a fruit, and one from which the future may well spring."

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"The Idea of Progress," by W. R. Inge. Romanes Lecture, 1920. New York: Oxford University Press.

"Modern Democracies," by James Bryce. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"Avon's Harvest," by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"Denmark: a Co-operative Commonwealth," by Frederic C. Howe. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.



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